

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER IN THE WEST INDIES

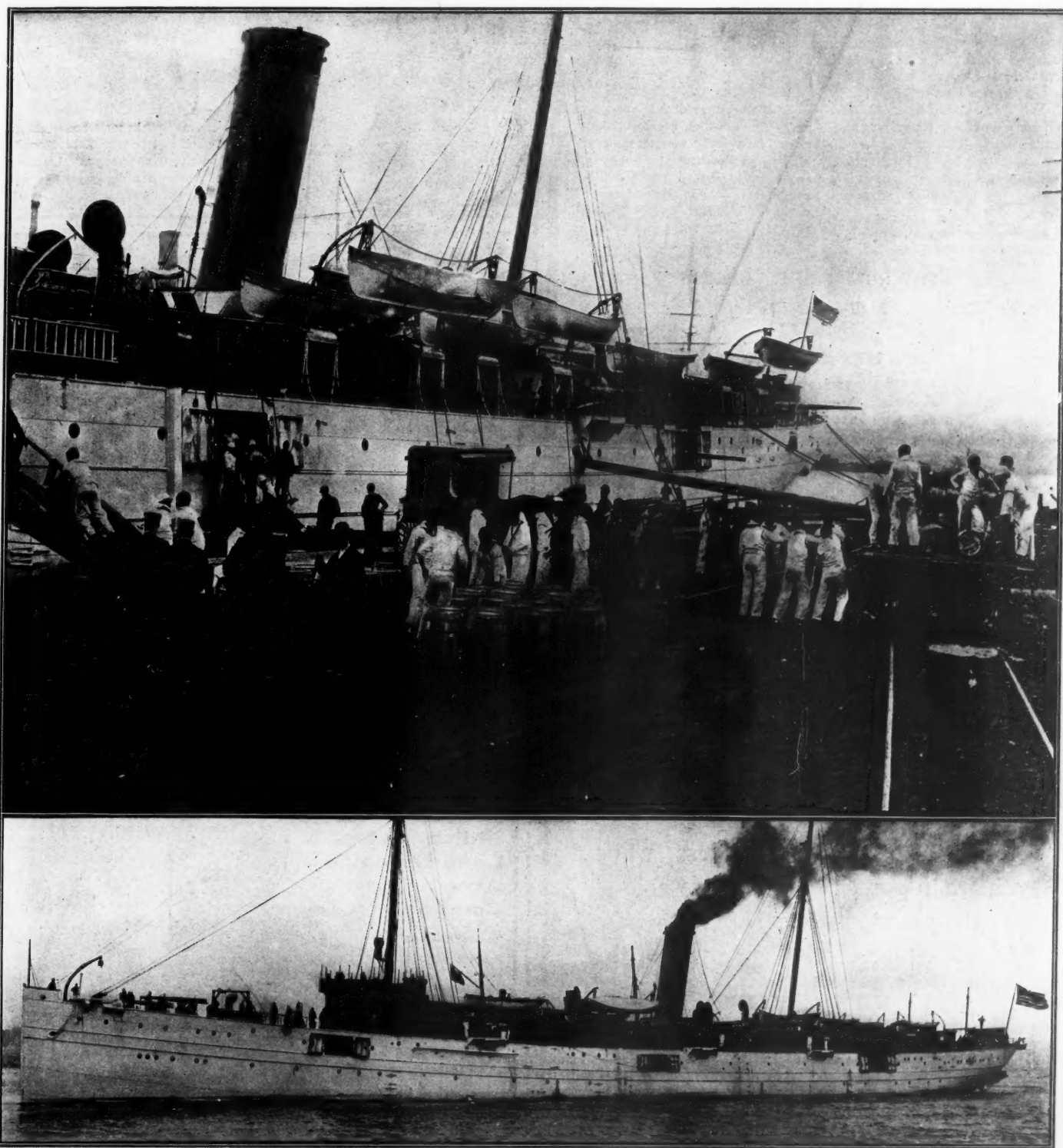
# COLLIER'S

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## THE RELIEF SHIP "DIXIE" OFF FOR MARTINIQUE

One of the first acts of Congress, looking to the relief of the famine-stricken inhabitants of Martinique and St. Vincent, the West Indian Islands devastated by volcanic eruptions, was to authorize the Navy Department to load the government training-ship "Dixie" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with provisions and supplies for St. Pierre. The work was rushed to completion and the ship sailed on May 14. The "Dixie" carries, by special permission of the Navy Department, our photographer, James Burton, who goes to augment the work of three correspondents and photographers of Collier's Weekly, previously despatched to the scenes of disaster on other government and line steamers, from New York and San Juan, Porto Rico

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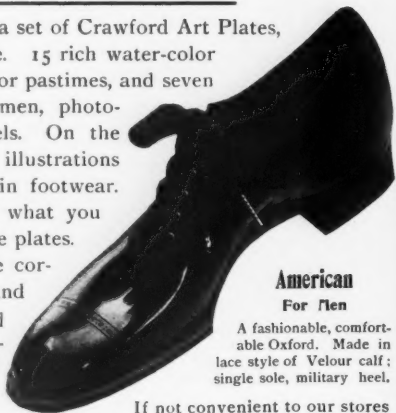
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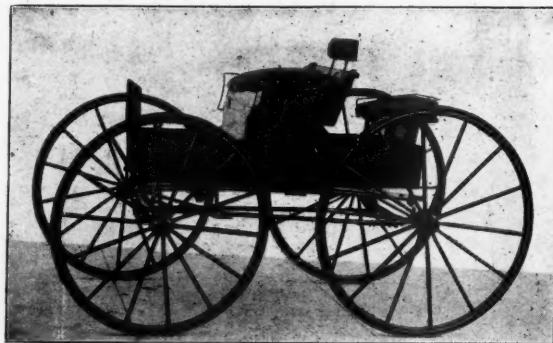
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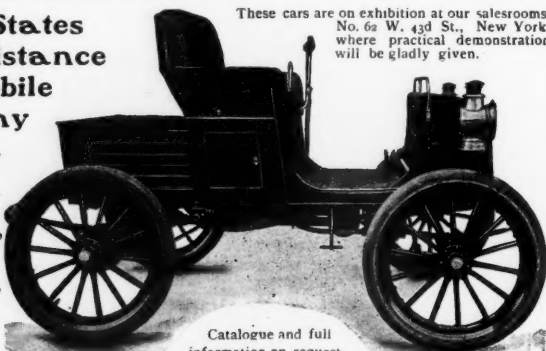
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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE ANNIHILATION OF ST. PIERRE, THE PRINCIPAL centre of commerce in the French island of Martinique, is unique in one particular, so far as verifiable history is concerned. It cannot be pronounced the most destructive of human life among the catastrophes resulting from disturbances of the earth's crust. The number of victims is now computed conservatively at 40,000, but the total will probably be reduced. Considerably fewer lives were lost through the eruption of Mount Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, if we may judge from the paucity of human remains discovered. Considerably more persons perished, on the other hand, in the earthquake which demolished the greater part of Lisbon about the middle of the eighteenth century, and a much larger number of human beings was killed through the explosion of a volcano in one of the small islands off the coast of Java in 1883. What renders the tragedy at Martinique *sui generis* is the appalling quickness with which the work of destruction was completed. Suddenly, about eight o'clock on the morning of May 8, as we learn from an eye-witness, the captain of the British steamer *Roddam*, a whirlwind of glowing cinders enveloped the town and the harbor, and in a few minutes all was over. Every living thing within the sweep of the fiery hurricane was scorched, choked and charred. We repeat that, so far as history, accepted as authentic, is concerned, there is no record of a catastrophe equally sudden and decisive. For an exact counterpart in this particular we should have to go back to the tradition respecting the lost Atlantis, which was related by Egyptian priests to Plato, and according to which the inhabitants of a great island that once existed in the Atlantic to the west of the Straits of Hercules were exterminated by cyclonic flames attending volcanic eruptions. If we can regard the legend as embodying a historical fact, this cataclysm occurred between eleven and twelve thousand years ago. There would be nothing incredible about the story if, first, we could assume simultaneous eruptions on the part of many volcanoes, each rivaling that of Mont Pelée in intensity, and if, secondly, soundings undertaken for the purpose in the Atlantic should indicate the submergence of a great island in recent geological times.

IT IS AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT THAT NO STATUE of John Milton exists in Puritan New England nor anywhere in the United States. To many persons the omission to honor one of the most illustrious names in English literature will appear inexplicable if not incredible. No English poet except Shakespeare can pretend to stand on the same plane with the author of "Paradise Lost," and his prose writings survive to prove that John Milton was one of the foremost statesmen and reformers of the Cromwellian epoch. It is high time for us to prove that our forgetfulness of Milton has been fortuitous and not deliberate. There is reason to believe that steps will soon be taken to recognize the debt of English-speaking peoples to John Milton; the poet and the defender of free speech, by the erection of a statue in the American metropolis.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has appointed Mr. Whitelaw Reid Special Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, thereby to express with more emphasis than would be attainable through the presence of Mr. Choate, our regular Ambassador, the desire of our Chief Magistrate to congratulate King Edward VII. on his coronation. If the appointment signifies anything at all, it must be looked upon as a tribute of respect and honor. So much being admitted in the way of definition, the recent discussion of the incident in the Senate deserves attention. In the first place, it was pointed out that the special and emphatic tribute of respect which Mr. Roosevelt has seen fit to tender to a monarchy has never yet been offered by any monarchy to our republic. Senator Hoar, who has never been accused of Anglophobia, frankly accepted as unanswerable the argument against the appointment that the United States ought not to pay to any nation a tribute which that nation did not pay to us. Attention was also directed to the fact that the Constitution does not give the President the power to appoint an Ambassador without the consent of the Senate, and that in the case of Mr. Whitelaw Reid such consent has not been obtained or

even asked for. Under the circumstances, it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt will either have to request the assent of the Senate to the appointment of Mr. Reid as Ambassador or he will have to designate Mr. Reid simply as a Commissioner and require him to pay his own expenses. If the former alternative be adopted, it is already certain that a confirmation of the appointment to the post of Ambassador will not be attained without vigorous resistance. The opposition will be based not only on the ground mentioned by Senator Hoar, but also because, if a special embassy is appointed for the purpose of attending King Edward's coronation, we shall have established a precedent from which we cannot depart in the case of other monarchs without affronting them. On what plea, for instance, could we have withheld a similar mark of respect from the young King Alfonso XIII.? Even if Mr. Roosevelt avoids the necessity of asking the assent of the Senate by designating Mr. Reid simply as a Commissioner, he will have established a precedent which, as a matter of international courtesy, ought to govern his course toward all other countries.

THAT THE TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP COMBINATION organized by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has entered, or will enter, into mutually beneficial agreements with the American railways terminating at New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore is generally believed, and it is reported that an attempt will be made to enter into a similar compact with one or more of the English railways which have terminals at Liverpool and other British seaports. That, for a time at any rate, the new combination may be able to control the bulk of the exports from the United States to Europe is probable enough, but efforts must be made to secure a corresponding share of exports from Britain to the great American Republic. If the ships of the unified lines can depend upon obtaining full cargoes both ways, they may be able for a while to pay large dividends upon watered stock. We say for a while, because, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie has pointed out, the moment the profits of a combination are known considerably to exceed the average returns from investments a number of competitors are certain to spring up and a reduction of profits will follow. This is an economical law to which the continued success of the Standard Oil Company offers only an apparent exception, because it remains to be seen how that corporation will fare when its guiding spirit, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, dies.

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO DOUBT THAT THE BILL providing a government for the Philippines and the bill reducing the duty on Cuban sugars will both, in one form or another, become laws during the present session of Congress, because, if Congress should adjourn without passing those measures, the President will convocate it in special session. To that extent our Chief Magistrate possesses the power of coercing the Federal Legislature, and he has intimated the intention of using it. That the Republicans are strong enough in both Houses to pass the bills if they can be brought to a vote is undisputed. The only question has been whether the Democrats in the Senate will avail themselves to the utmost of the obstructive powers which the regulations of their chamber give them. Ultimately they may be expected to renounce the policy of obstruction, sooner than subject themselves to the inconvenience of being detained in Washington during the hot weather, and in a year when the great political parties are preparing for a contest at the ballot-box. The resistance hitherto offered to the passage of the Philippine bill has been made evidently for the purpose of providing campaign material. It is doubtful whether the Democrats have thus far improved their position in this particular. They have not, up to the present hour, agreed upon an alternative plan for the disposition of the Philippines, some Democratic legislators proposing to place the islands under the joint protection of the United States, England and Germany, while others advocate the expediency of withdrawing from the archipelago and leaving the inhabitants to shift for themselves. The latter would repudiate the duty of protecting the lives and property of foreign residents in the Philippines, a duty which we assumed by the Treaty of Paris. As for the project of a joint protectorate, our experience in Samoa should

suffice to deter us from a second entanglement of the kind. With regard to the Cuban Reciprocity bill, we may say that the Senate will probably offer the Cuban producers of cane sugar a larger measure of relief than was tendered by the House of Representatives, especially as President-Elect Palma, during his recent progress through Cuba, has announced that he will sign no "treaty" that does not reduce by more than twenty-five per cent the duty now levied on Cuban sugar imported into the United States. Touching this and all other questions connected with the political independence and economical prospects of the Pearl of the Antilles our readers will find ample information in the letters of the Hon. William J. Bryan, who has consented to act as our special correspondent in Cuba.

ACCORDING TO A TELEGRAM RECEIVED AT LISBON from Lorenzo Marques, the terms of peace offered by Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner have been accepted by most if not all of the Boer generals commanding forces in the field and a proclamation to that effect will be issued on May 20. Precisely what the terms are is not yet known, but it is evident from Lord Salisbury's latest utterance that they do not involve the concession of even partial independence. The former South African Republic and the former Orange Free State will be transformed into Crown Colonies, or, it may be, united in one Crown Colony, but it is possible that some representation in the governor's council will be granted to the Boers. Whether the amnesty offered to citizens of the twin republics will be extended to Afrikaner rebels was a question about which there was supposed to be an irreconcilable difference of opinion between the parties to the negotiation. Even on this point, however, it is said that an agreement has been reached. How large a force will be retained in South Africa after the conclusion of peace is as yet undetermined. If only the remnant of the Boers had to be considered, it might be assumed that only a small fraction of the army which has been operating under Lord Kitchener would suffice. There are signs of restlessness among the native tribes, however, and it may be deemed expedient, as a measure of precaution, to keep a large body of soldiers in South Africa for some time to come.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEMS OF NEWS that have lately reached us from the Old World is the public declaration made by the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs that the Vienna and St. Petersburg Governments have entered into an agreement which assures peace in the Far East. In view of this announcement, we may take for granted that the attempts of agitators to foment disturbances in Macedonia and Albania will have no serious results. As the terms of the Triple Alliance, now about to be renewed, are understood to have been so modified as to minimize the chance of involving Italy in a quarrel with France, the prospect of war on the Rhine seems to be no less remote than on the Danube. It is only in Central Asia and in the Far East that the interests of certain powers seem conflicting, if not irreconcilable. If we are doomed to witness a great war within the next decade, it is most likely to be caused by a dispute about Manchuria between the British-Japanese coalition on the one hand and the French-Russian League upon the other.

SINCE THE PURCHASE OF A CONTRACT OF THE Western Maryland Railway by the Gould interests there seems to be no doubt that the Wabash Railway system, which has already secured an entrance into Pittsburg, will gain access to tidewater. This means that a new transcontinental road is about to enter the field against the Pennsylvania Central, the New York Central and other existing competitors for the transportation of our surplus crops, of bituminous coal, and of iron and steel products to the seaboard. It is generally admitted that, so far as the iron and steel industry centring at Pittsburg is concerned, the means of transportation have been of late inadequate. The Wabash system may not even need to rely exclusively on a tidewater terminal at Baltimore, for, should it reach Harrisburg, it might be extended further to a point on the Hudson River, probably near the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

WITHOUT QUESTION, THE CATASTROPHE IN THE WEST INDIES IS THE MOST TERRIBLE THE WORLD HAS SEEN SINCE POMPEII. FOUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY ARE NOW ON THE SCENE, BESIDES SPECIAL WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ON GOVERNMENT WAR VESSELS. OUR READERS MAY LOOK FOR THE EARLIEST AND BEST PICTURES AND THE MOST GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF A GREAT DISASTER THAT APPEALS TO THE SYMPATHIES OF ALL NATIONS. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS CALLED ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO ASSIST THE SUFFERERS IN MARTINIQUE AND ST. VINCENT. COLLIER'S WEEKLY WILL GLADLY FORWARD TO THE PROPER FEDERAL OFFICIALS ANY CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

# THE TERRIBLE DISASTERS IN THE WEST INDIES



Captain G. T. Muggah  
of the "Roraima"

Miss Mary Prentis  
Daughter of the Consul

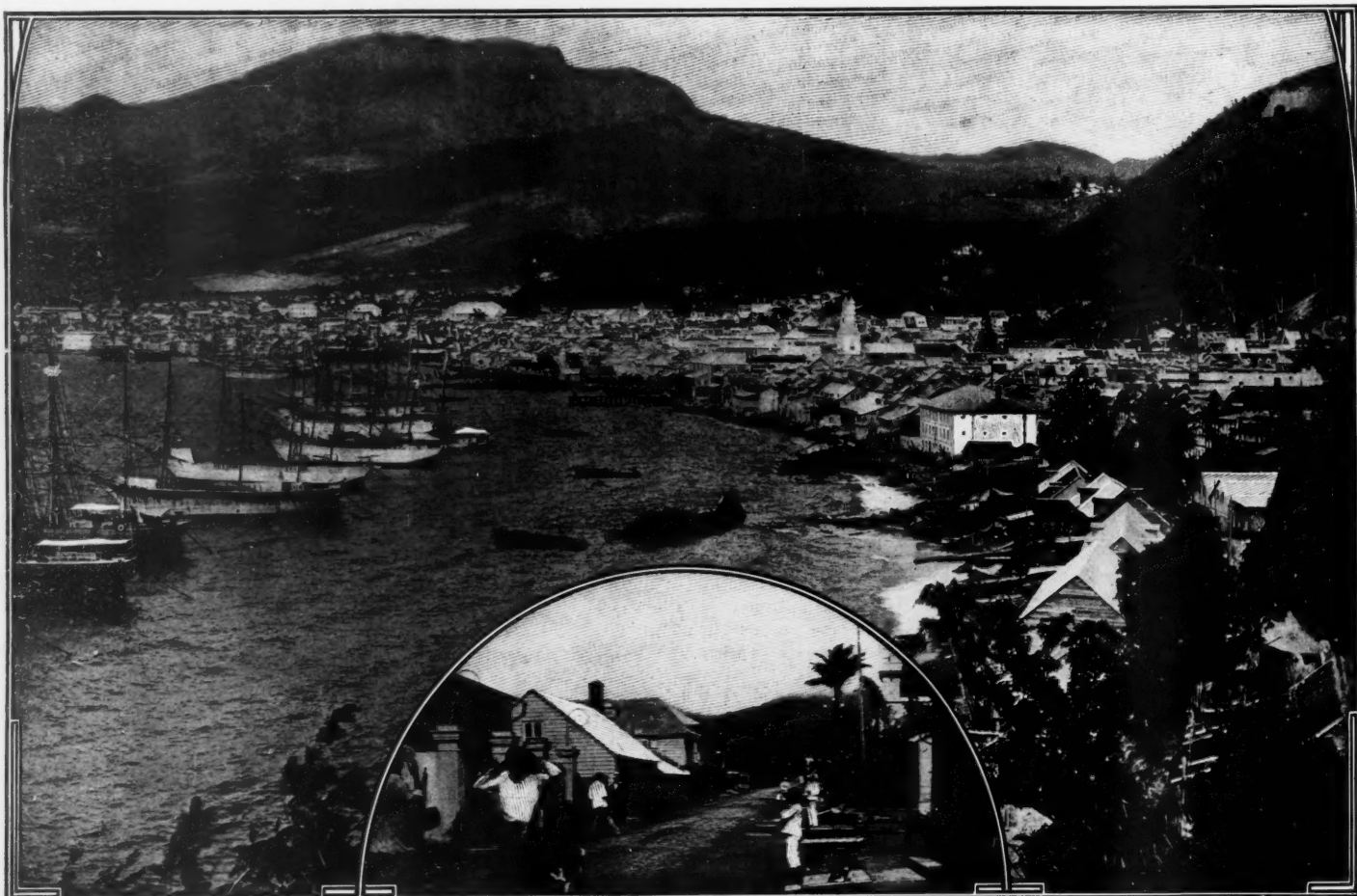
Mrs. Louisa Prentis  
Wife of the Consul

Thomas T. Prentis  
U. S. Consul at St. Pierre

Christine Prentis  
Daughter of the Consul

Assistant Purser Thompson  
of the "Roraima"

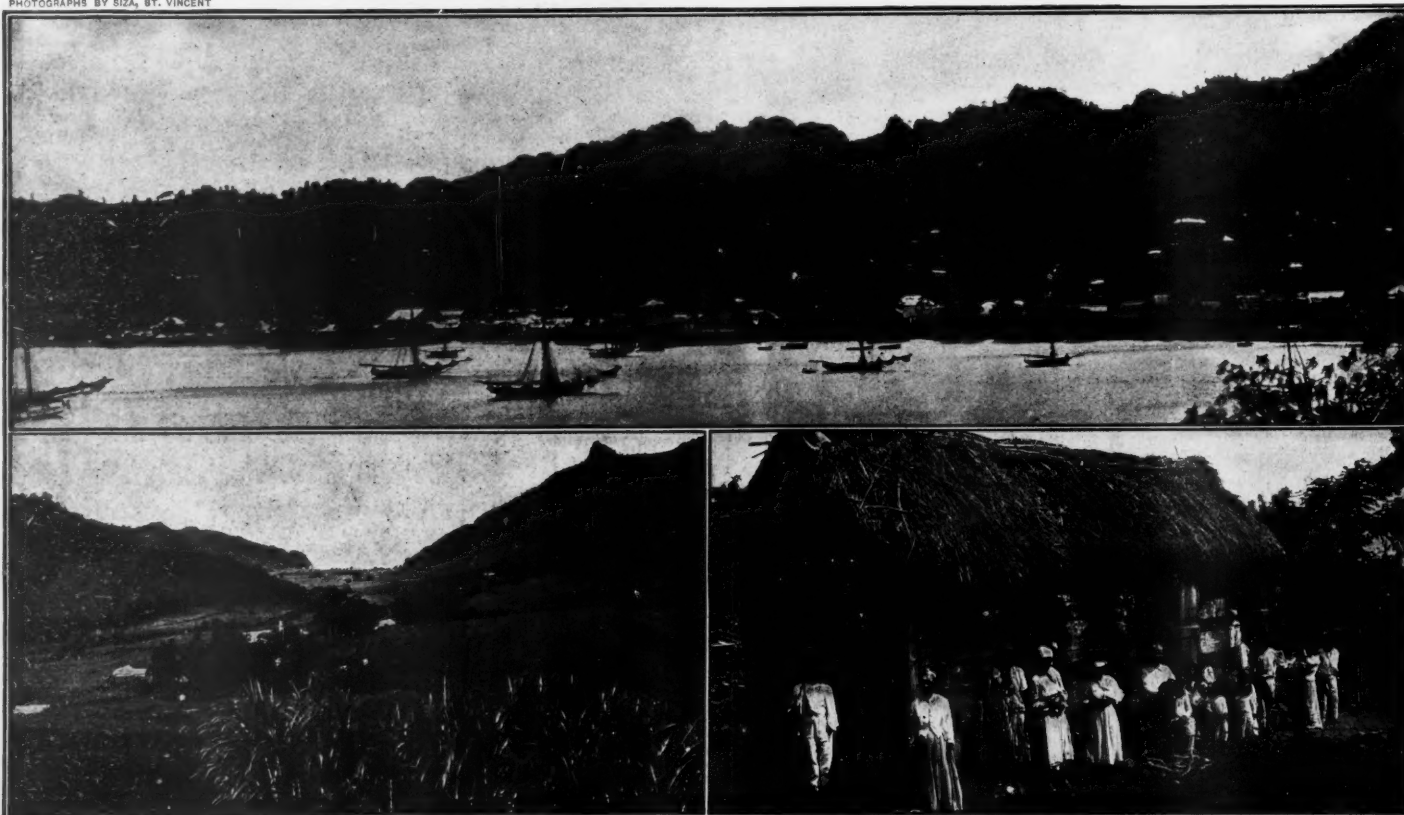
Victims of the St. Pierre Calamity—The U. S. Consul and Family, and Officers of the Lost Steamer "Roraima." (Purser Thompson was reported saved)



A Street in the Town of Morne Rouge, Martinique

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST DISASTER OF MODERN TIMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIZA, ST. VINCENT



Buccament Valley, St. Vincent, now covered with Lava

A Negro Hut and Types of St. Vincent Natives

KINGSTOWN AND HARBOR, ON THE FIRE-SWEPT ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT, THE NORTHERN HALF OF WHICH IS DESTROYED



# THE DESTRUCTION OF SAINT PIERRE



*An Account of the Terrible  
Volcanic Disasters  
in the West Indies*

By **FREDERICK A. OBER**  
*Author of "In the Wake of  
Columbus", "The Storied  
West Indies" etc. etc.*

**I**T WAS on the morning of May 8 that the catastrophe occurred in Martinique, cataclysmal in its magnitude and more disastrous than any other the Western Hemisphere has known. Mont Pelée had been wearing its "smoke cap" for several weeks, but the inhabitants of the north end of the island attributed the phenomenon to the volcano's vagaries and paid little attention to the matter. At last, however, on the 5th of May, there was a tremendous eruption, by which vast volumes of mud were thrown far up into the air and a sugar factory overwhelmed, with a loss of one hundred and fifty lives.

The people of Saint Pierre were moved from their apathy to send a commission of investigation, composed of local scientists, who returned from the district of disturbance and reported the worst as over. They had hardly made this report, however, than there was a recurrence of the strange tremors of the earth, caused, probably, by jets of steam from internal sources being forced through the crust or crevices in the rock. There were warnings in plenty, but they passed unheeded; for, had not the "volcan" stood there, within plain sight of Saint Pierre, as long as the memory of man?

Pelée had blustered and sent out incipient eruptions fifty years before, but nothing serious had resulted from the demonstrations, so when at last the showers of ashes, which had been falling continuously, though lightly, for days past became so dense that the sun, on the morning of that fatal 8th of May, was hidden from sight, even then the people were not universally alarmed.

## "PELÉE HAS BLOWN HIS HEAD OFF!"

Suddenly, however, out of the darkness came a terrible sound, as though the plutonic forces enchain within the volcano had been let loose at last and torn the mountain from its base. The terrified residents of Saint Pierre had hardly time to exclaim, "Pelée has blown his head off!" when the city was overwhelmed by a veritable cloud of fire, accompanied by molten rock, incandescent sand and scoriae. The vapors consumed the people as they fled, and the fiery cinders covered the whole area of the doomed city with a pall of desolation. Within the space of thirty seconds, it has been estimated, more than thirty thousand people were wiped out of existence, sixteen out of eighteen vessels in the harbor were sunk or consumed at their moorings, and property to the value of one hundred million dollars was destroyed.

In addition to the city of Saint Pierre and its suburbs, six other centres of population were practically destroyed, containing as many inhabitants as the metropolis, the total aggregate being not less than sixty thousand. The obliterated towns were scattered chiefly along the north and northeast coast and contained all the way from two thousand to eight thousand inhabitants each.

Down near the south end of the island, about twelve miles in an air-line from Saint Pierre, lies the capital city, Fort de France, which is considered as beyond the area of devastation and toward which various relief expeditions have been sent, the United States generously leading, for the succor of the thousands of refugees who have flocked thither from the desolated and now famine-stricken interior of the island.

Since the rescuing parties have penetrated within the canopy of smoke and braved the terrible heat emanating from the cinder-buried city the worst fears have been more than realized. With the exception of about thirty wretched survivors, one-third of whom have died since their rescue, not a single soul was saved from the doomed city. Mounds of ashes and of calcined stone show where but lately stood Saint Pierre's finest structures; heaps and windrows of contorted corpses lying in the streets, at the entrances to former dwellings, and thousands as though the victims were stricken while pressing forward to the cathedral, tell the pathetic story of the terrible disaster that overtook this hitherto obscure city, which henceforth will be known as the Pompeii of the Western World.

## THE "SULPHUR PIT" ON ST. VINCENT

The eruption in Martinique was preceded by portentous signs and warnings in other islands of the Caribbean chain. One might have thought that the next disturbance would have

occurred either in Dominica, to the north, or in Saint Lucia, to the south; but the first rumblings were heard from the subterranean recesses of Saint Vincent's "soufrière," about fifty miles, as the crow flies, southward from Martinique. Between the two islands lies Saint Lucia, which is as exact a duplicate of the former island in scenery, general physical formation (and also in the habits and speech of its people) as can be imagined. Only this feature Martinique and Saint Vincent have in common: that each island's volcano is near its northern coast, while Saint Lucia's "soufrière," or sulphur mine, as it is locally called, is at the south, near its wonderful "Pitons," or pointed mountains.

Judging from past performances, the soufrière of Saint Vincent might have been expected to open the new era of volcanic disturbances in the West Indies; for, previous to the late

posed they came from the volcanoes of the Azores, which are to the northeast; nevertheless, they were cast up by the crater in Saint Vincent, one hundred miles to the west. It is therefore certain that the debris had been hurled by the force of the eruption above the moving sheet of the tradewinds into an aerial river proceeding in a contrary direction."

History is now repeating itself, so far as the phenomena at the soufrière are concerned; for, just ninety years, almost to a day, after its last eruption it again covers the island of Barbadoes with ashes, and this time with rather more than before. In its former eruption it began with a loud explosion, as on its latest outbreak, bursting its confines with terrible force and overflowing the adjoining country with molten rock and mud.

## A BEAUTIFUL SOURCE OF DEATH

If reports are true, it is surpassing all former performances, having already slain hundreds of people where it killed scores before and having destroyed property over a greater area. The near estates of Richmond and Walliabou, which suffered somewhat in the olden time, have now been utterly destroyed. The little town of Chateau-belaire, half-way down the leeward coast, is surrounded by the lava flow, and even Kingstown, the capital, at or near the southern end of the island, is threatened with the fate of Saint Pierre, though not, like the latter city, directly in the path of the lava flow. Still, the thunderous noises, heard two hundred miles away, have thoroughly frightened the surviving inhabitants, who not long ago passed through a devastating hurricane, and they would doubtless gladly avail themselves of any opportunity for escape.

The writer lately received a letter from Saint Vincent, dated the 28th of April, in which was no mention of any terrestrial disturbance; but a week later, it is said, the island was shaken by earthquakes, those seismic precursors of volcanic eruptions, which seem to have been lacking from the Martinique disaster.

The soufrière had a large lake entirely filling its larger crater, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the West Indies, and a thousand feet below the crater-brim. The soufrière was about twenty-five hundred feet in height, from sea-level to crater-brim; but has probably lost much of its altitude since the explosion, as it is reported that Pelée has been razed from more than four thousand feet to less than two thousand.

The loss of life reported from Saint Vincent is probably mainly among the Carib Indians, two communities of these people—the last descendants of the original cannibals discovered by Columbus—living on the slopes of the volcano.

More steam than smoke has issued from the soufrière, but the ashes and lava flow will compare in volume with the same from Pelée, probably. The volcano labored heavily to rid itself of the vast volume of water contained in the lake, thus giving rise to immense vapor clouds, which rose, it is said, eight miles into the air, in shapes suggestive of gigantic wheels, flowers and ferns, played upon by flashes of lightning from beneath. Vast physical changes are being effected in the soufrière district, among them being the breaking down of hills and the filling of valleys, the wiping out of fertile sugar lands and the overflow of lava rivers. A dozen new streams have been traced, and there were already in the island half as many of the so-called "dry rivers" existing from the previous eruption.

Martinique had a population of about two hundred thousand, at least one-fourth of which was destroyed in a few moments. Saint Vincent is a smaller island, being only eighteen miles long, with an area of not over one hundred and forty square miles and about forty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the most beautiful islands in the West Indies, perhaps in the world—a tropical paradise; but the most of its inhabitants are wretchedly poor, like those of other islands where picturesque scenery abounds, and this latest dreadful happening, by destroying the best sugar and provision lands, will produce a famine and complete the work of destruction begun by earthquakes and hurricanes.

## AN EXPLORER IN MARTINIQUE

It is now a good many years since I first looked upon Martinique, approaching it through the channel between

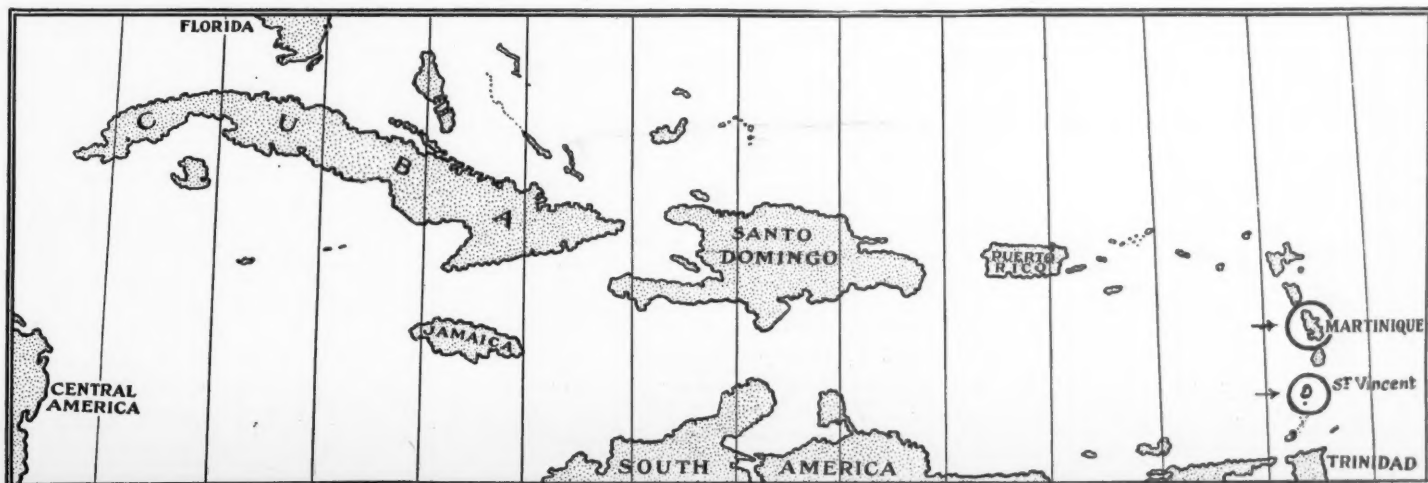


The Last Load and our Special Photographer going aboard the Government Relief Ship "Dixie," May 14

eruption of Mont Pelée, it was the last volcano in those islands from which the nineteenth century witnessed destructive eruptions.

That eruption of the Saint Vincent soufrière occurred in 1812, and had something to do with the Caracas earthquake, when ten thousand people were destroyed in a moment of time. It lasted three days, and the same phenomena occurred, though on a smaller scale, as are reported now from that volcano. One of these is the fall of ashes at a great distance from the vent from which they were ejected. This occurred in 1812, a light shower of ashes falling over the island of Barbadoes, lying ninety-five miles to the windward of Saint Vincent. Elisé Reclus makes mention of the fact in his book on "The Ocean," citing it to show the force of aerial currents.

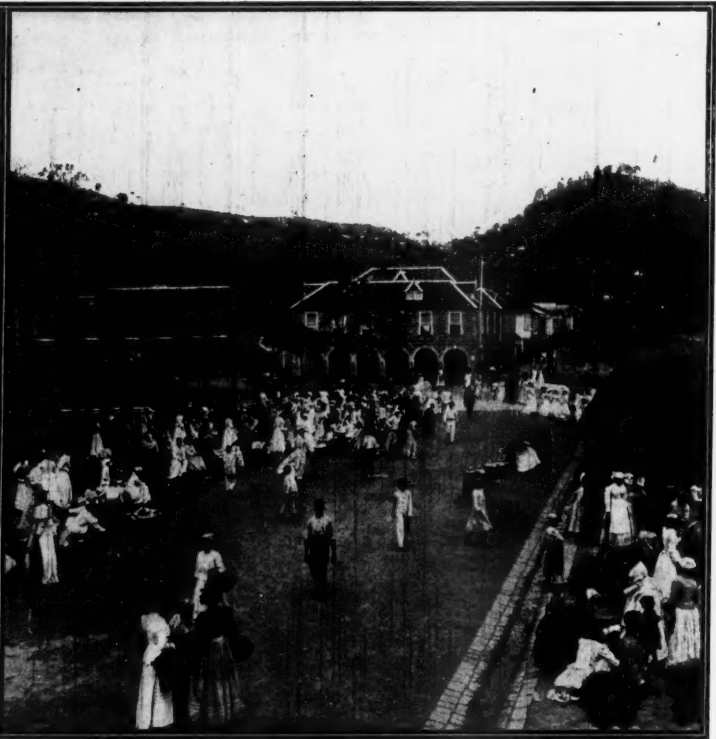
"On the 1st of May, 1812," he says, "when the northeast tradewind was in all its force, enormous quantities of ashes obscured the atmosphere above the island of Barbadoes and covered the ground with a thick layer. One would have sup-



An Approximate Map showing the Relative Positions of Martinique and St. Vincent, in the West Indies. Between the two lies St. Lucia



Within the Crater of La Soufriere, St. Vincent



The Market-place in Kingstown, St. Vincent

### THE SULPHUR PIT OF ST. VINCENT'S ACTIVE VOLCANO AND A VIEW IN KINGSTOWN BEFORE THE ERUPTION BEGAN

that island and Dominica, and the impression received of the first tropical land I had ever visited is as vivid to-day as it was then. My first view is a long time to look back upon, but no one who has seen the north end of Martinique, with the black, frowning mass of Montagne Pelée rising from the sea, its base wreathed in tropical vegetation, its denuded peak peering through evanescent clouds rolled up from the ocean by the ever-blowing "trades," can forget the picture.

Pelée, in fact, is the dominant note in that picture, rising as it does above a congeries of minor mountains, its four thousand feet of bulk giving it prominence. Referring to my notes of that time, I find it alluded to as an extinct, at all events quiescent, volcano, whose last sporadic eruption, when it threw out smoke and ashes only, occurred thirty years before. Approaching the island from the Atlantic, the "windward" side, the volcano appeared as a mass of dark-green with a serrated outline, cleft into ravines and black gorges through which ran swift-flowing rivers almost innumerable, gushing from internal fountains and seeking the sea.

Rounding the northern end of the island, of which Pelée is the outpost, we sailed from the rough waters of the Atlantic into the smoother seas of the Caribbean, the hills and mountains at once affording a lee, and the beautiful flying-fish, hundreds of which had skimmed the crests of the Atlantic waves, now disporting by thousands. The great basaltic cliffs, which towered above crescentic, palm-bordered beaches of golden sands, cut off the breeze, and our sailing vessel scarce had wind enough left to make the roadstead of Martinique's commercial port, Saint Pierre. The trades still blew, however, strong and moisture-laden from the windward coast, as evidenced by the pattering showers educed by condensation against the mountain-sides, and a glorious rainbow spanned Saint Pierre's mile-long bay from northern to southern headland, bathing the picturesque city, tier upon tier of white-walled houses topped with ferruginous tiles, in a golden mist.

It may be owing to the fact that Saint Pierre was the first tropical city I had ever seen that it appeared to me the most fascinating; but of a truth it possessed many quaint charms all its own. It occupied a narrow belt of shore between high, cliff-like hills and the strand, its stone-walled houses, white, red, yellow, terra-cotta, solidly embanked along the shore and, higher up, scattered in picturesque confusion among clumps of tamarind and mango trees, with here and there tall palms waving their fronds aloft. It very much resembled the city of Algiers, minus the mosques and the Kasba, but plus the palms. Algiers, as I saw it first, beneath a full-orbed moon, impressed me as the most beautiful city I had ever looked upon, but I think that if Saint Pierre had not been so closely compressed between the encroaching hills and the sea it could well have vied with the African city. Still, nothing could compensate for the loss of that magnificent wall of living green which served as the background for Saint Pierre's architecture.

#### IN LOST ST. PIERRE

I cannot but admit that the city was disappointing at close view, for the most of the buildings were quite tropically disregarding of appearances, being without windows, sans chimneys, of course, and made of conglomerate materials. Nature had done much—in fact, everything—for the commercial entrepôt of Martinique; man had made a few feeble attempts at adornment. The streets were narrow, save along the sea-front, where there was a broad quay paved with basaltic blocks. The harbor—or, rather, the roadstead, for it lies wide open to the sea—is deep enough to have been the crater of old Pelée itself, all approaching vessels having to run out an anchor at a short distance from the land and then moor by a hawser ashore. There they lay, their noses pointed seaward, bobbing up and down upon the placid bosom of the Caribbean, with water just outside their berths a hundred fathoms deep. This depth of water is not a peculiarity of Saint Pierre's roadstead, however, for it is found off Roseau, in the island of Dominica, next adjacent north, off Kingstown in Saint Vin-

cent, and especially deep in the harbor of Saint Georges, Grenada, which is indubitably an old crater invaded and filled by the sea.

Having visited Saint Pierre several times since my first arrival there, and having retained the impression that it was a beautiful, though not exactly an attractive, city for residences, I think this must be correct. It is said that old Montagne Pelée probably blew its own head off, through the generation of steam from water that had percolated through its crater-sides. Well, this may be a correct assumption, for certes there is water enough in the island—or there was—and to spare. The atmosphere is ever moisture-laden, streams and rivulets run everywhere and in all directions, descending from the central mountain masses. The strongest feature in Saint Pierre was the abundance of water, running through side channels in its streets at right angles to the quay, overflowing in numerous fountains and oozing out through the soil above the city.

In the beautiful Jardin des Plantes adjacent to the city a glorious cascade dropped over cliffs into a basin bordered with palms and tree ferns. But for the water, in fact, the city would hardly have been very desirable to live in; for, as it was, the odors at times were very nearly overpowering, especially in the wee sma' hours when the domestics threw open the portals of their respective domiciles and bore forth the garbage, which they dumped in the streams flowing through the gutters. They appeared only at appointed hours, the city being as well regulated as any of its prototypes in France; but when they made their exit all the sailor folk in the harbor knew of it, from the noisome odors exhaled. Later on, about an hour after daybreak, the breakfast dishes were often washed in the clear water running past the "trottoirs"; still later, most attractive babies, variously colored, from ebony and chocolate to *café au lait* and old gold; but all happy as the morn and shrieking from overplus of joy. Should breakfast dish or baby be released but for a second, down the steep incline it would glide, to be recovered, perchance, only at the shore.

The public buildings of Saint Pierre—such as the theatre, the cathedral, bishop's palace, the great barracks for the troops—were all massive structures and in good taste. The "magasins" filled with European products were sufficiently numerous, and the city was well equipped with all the fittings demanded by an ambitious metropolis of the twentieth century.

#### THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLANDS

The greater portion of Martinique's inhabitants are black or colored, the African-derived element being vastly in preponderance and increasing year by year. The female colored creoles of Martinique, particularly of Saint Pierre, were celebrated for their quaint and bizarre costumes—flowing robes of silk or calico, always loose and open and of the brightest colors. The dress most affected by the domestics, hucksters, and even by women of the better class was designed especially for a tropical climate and cut with the waistband well up under the shoulder-blades. It was locally known as the "costume de Josephine," after a tradition that this famous daughter of Martinique adopted it for negligée in the seclusion of La Pagerie.

A love for bright colors and profusion of jewelry is characteristic of the creole, quadroon and octoroon, even the "Sambo" negress being very particular as to her turban, which must be fashioned of the gaudiest bandannas and ornamented to the extent of her means. She must have coils of beads, gold brooches and pins, and earrings consisting of golden fuses as big as a small baby's fist.

Many of the mixed peoples were handsome withal, and some of the girls who came over from the further side of the mountain, doing their twenty or thirty miles to market and home again every day, were models of symmetry. I used to see them swinging over the country roads with long, easy strides, immense loads of produce, such as bananas, plantains, tannias, piled high upon their heads, their forms erect as lances and their torsos such as might have excited the envy of a sculptor. These people, and in truth all, were contented

and happy, prone to laughter, filled to overflowing with an unflinching bonhomie. As I recall in memory these mountain maidens that used to come to town from the windward coast with their burdens of produce, I see their supple forms swaying, their bright eyes and white teeth gleaming, and hear again the ripples of musical laughter and their cheerful "Bon jours" floating on the morning or evening air. They were the brightest of the Martinicans, truly *sui generis*, and it seemed to me that in them the country and the climate had found a perfect type, as suited to the tropics as the mango or the pomegranate.

As I was hunting birds those days, my first voyage to the Lesser Antilles having been in the pursuit of ornithology, I was always more in the country districts than in the city, and so became acquainted with the simple, joyous country folk. They were always willing to assist me, and frequently a man cutting cane in a field would stop his work to show me the haunts of some bird or reptile, or one of the mountain maidens would lay down her heavy load to point out a humming-bird or to warn me of the serpent's lurking-place. It was the "serpent" of Martinique, and the serpent only, that the natives feared. They gave no heed to Mont Pelée, believing it harmless; but they were ever on the alert as regards the "Fer de Lance," that most venomous of American serpents, which makes its particular habitat in Martinique and the near island of Saint Lucia. It was their one haunting fear, by day and by night, for its bite meant death. The serpent itself was so numerous as to invade the houses even of Saint Pierre and so aggressively venomous as to seek out its victims—in this respect being different from all others of its family.

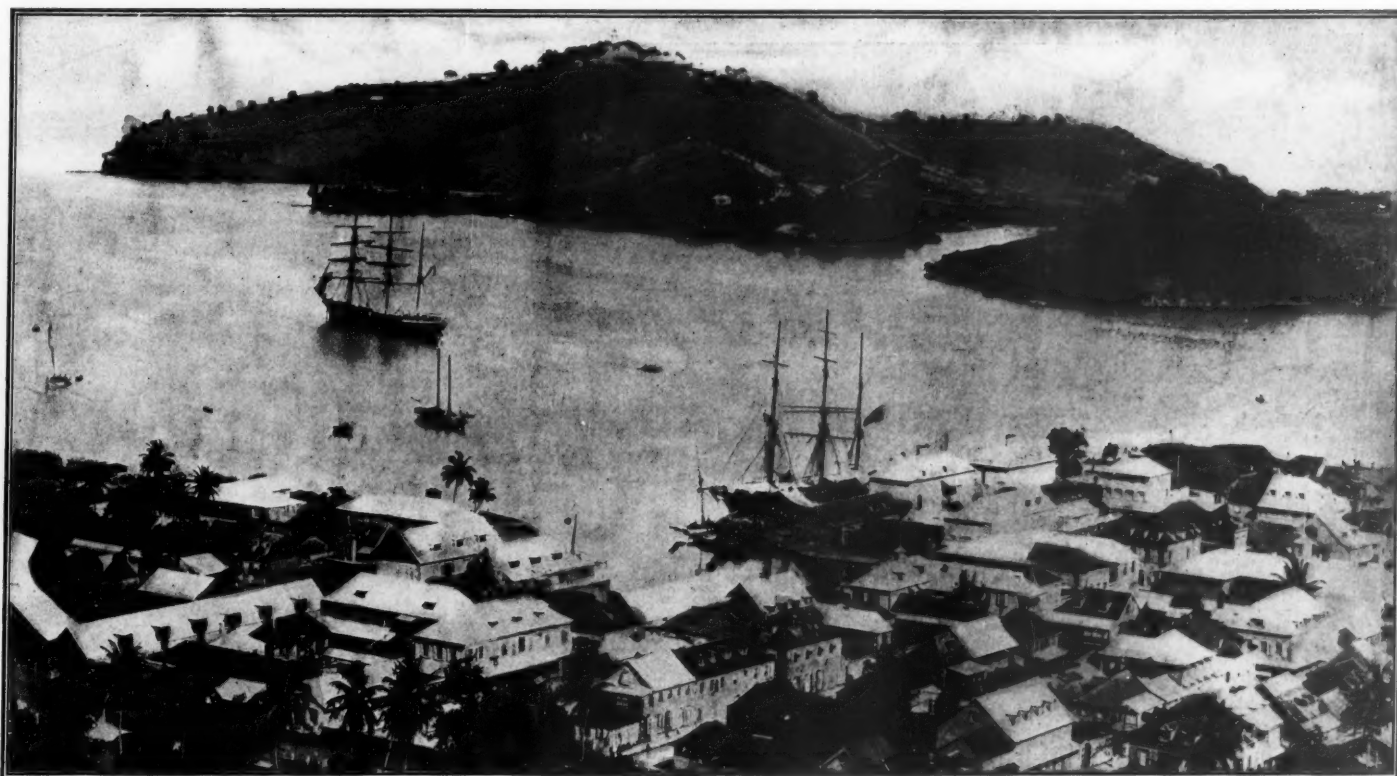
#### THE INEFFECTUACY OF PRAYER!

When hunting in the Jardin des Plantes, which was practically within the city limits, and one of nature's beauty spots—with its tall "palmistes," its cascade, its artificial lakes with every variety of tropical foliage mirrored in them—I was always accompanied by an attendant sent especially to warn me when in the vicinage of the dreaded "lancehead." In one of my journeyings I made my headquarters at the little village of Morne Rouge, from which I went out on hunting excursions every morning soon after daybreak. I ranged over the hills, such as Morne Calabasse and Morne Balisier, even up and over the slopes of great Mont Pelée, without seeing many serpents, though having several "close calls," my native attendant told me.

The name "morne" is applied throughout the French West Indies to the high hills and low mountains, but not to the greatest elevations; so there are many "mornes" in Martinique, but only one "montagne," that of Pelée, which is further distinguished now from having caused the greatest cataclysm within a century. This mountain was the focal point of all views at the north end of the island, visible all the way from Saint Pierre to Morne Rouge—as one crossed the Rivière Roxelane, where toiled half-naked washerwomen laundering their "washes" with clubs; across the *savane*, the level field where military reviews were wont to be held; through vast cane fields and among luxuriant gardens, ever in view was the Montagne, sweeping grandly up from sea to cloudland.

I used to watch it, together with some of the few French people of Saint Pierre, sitting in the Jardin or on a bench beneath the mango trees not far from the Grande Rue. Twenty-five years ago the white population of the island was relatively numerous; ten years ago I found it lamentably shrunken, and now it must be practically extinguished. First the black flood having its origin in Africa, then the lava flood indigenous in the heart of Pelée, swept the land; now those French-born people, some of them of lofty lineage, are almost extinct.

There is a small bird in Martinique called "l'oiseau de Saint Pierre," because it says, in the patois of the island, "Pierre, priez pour nous; priez pour nous!" (Peter, pray for us; pray for us!) But the prayers (if offered) of the saint after whom the town was named were ineffectual as opposed to the wrath of mighty Pelée, which has at last overwhelmed both city and people.



### THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

Castries, on the Island of St. Lucia, is the nearest station for French and British Relief Expeditions to Martinique and St. Vincent, and lies about midway between those two devastated islands

## THE ANTHRACITE COAL MINERS' STRIKE IN PENNSYLVANIA



John A. Mitchell, President  
United Mine Workers  
of America

**T**HE SHUTTING DOWN of the anthracite collieries in Pennsylvania on Monday morning, May 12, at the command of President John A. Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America, by which practically a hundred and fifty thousand men were rendered idle and the anthracite coal output absolutely stopped, is really a continuation of the strike of two years ago, which ended in a partial victory for the miners.

In its inception, the present strike is unique in the annals of labor wars. Instead of taking what advantage could be gained from a sudden blow at the coal operators, President Mitchell and his executive council have steadfastly turned their faces toward "peace with honor" from the moment that an attempt at an adjustment of grievances became inevitable.

Two years ago the anthracite miners struck in September. They won a ten per cent increase in wages and the price of blasting powder was reduced. Many of the mistrusted company stores were wiped out in the trouble, and it is believed that this system has received its deathblow, although in certain localities company stores still remain.

This year the miners are striking for a further increase in

wages and a uniform system of weighing the coal that is mined. They claim that the increase of ten per cent granted last year has been more than offset by the increased prices of the necessaries of life. The very commodity which they produce—coal—has gone up in price fifteen to twenty per cent. Potatoes, clothing, meat and the staple groceries have increased in cost, and in many instances house rents are higher.

The coal-weighing grievance is one that has been bitterly discussed by the miners for years. The system of mining anthracite coal is simple and requires but ordinary comprehension. A miner is a man who simply goes into his "chamber" in the morning and blasts down enough coal to fill the number of cars which the operator-owner of the mine has decreed he shall have as his "stint." So, at the outset, the operator regulates not only how much his employé shall earn, but how much coal shall be put upon the market, lest the price of the commodity fall through overproduction.

The usual allotment per miner is six cars a day. These cars are not loaded by the miner himself, but by a miner's "helper," whom the miner employs. The helper is paid by the hour. Each mine car should hold three tons, making the miner's daily output eighteen tons. This is the miners' complaint:

It is with the cars that the miners' grievance begins. The coal is not weighed before it leaves the shaft. There is simply an empty car—you load it and it disappears. Now, there may be any number of pounds above the real ton aboard. Every miner is also required to put a generous "toppage" on the cars—that is, coal above the sideboards.

The average mine ton is not the long ton of one's arithmetic days—twenty-two hundred and forty pounds. Instead, it touches the twenty-seven and twenty-eight hundred figure, and if the car is bulged a bit it is liable to register still more. The miners know this, and they figure up in their odd moments how many tons extra they might demand pay for in a year if they were not required to overload their cars.

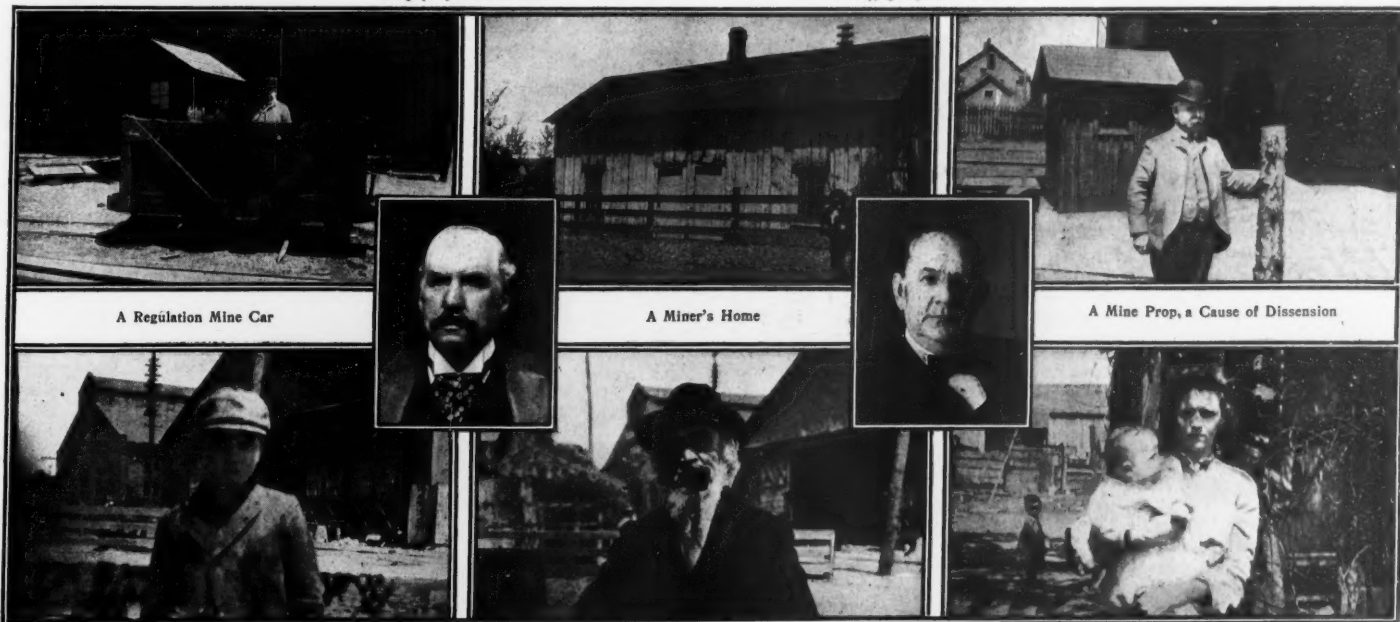
The fortunate miner to-day earns fifteen dollars a week. He does not think this pay commensurate with the perilous and disagreeable work which he has to perform. The miner's "helper" makes nine or ten dollars. Company men, drivers' helpers and drivers average a little over a dollar a day. The sprag boy—who sticks wooden pins in the mine cars to prevent their running down the mules in the chambers—gets about a dollar. The door boy and breaker boy earn anywhere from sixty-six to seventy-five cents a day.

The miners are sincere in believing their demands are reasonable. Any one who visits a colliery and its adjacent settlement will come away believing this. But they are by no means a unit in their belief as to the advisability of a prolonged strike at this time.

The engineers and pumpmen are affiliated with the United Mine Workers. Should Mitchell call them out, would the threat of wholesale destruction force the coal operators to terms? This is a question the strikers are asking themselves to-day. Such a desperate and suicidal move has never been attempted in the past, and it is not believed it will be resorted to in this struggle.

Photograph by H. S. Mendelsohn

Copyright by Frances B. Johnston



A Regulation Mine Car

A Miner's Home

A Mine Prop, a Cause of Dissension

A Door-boy of the Mines

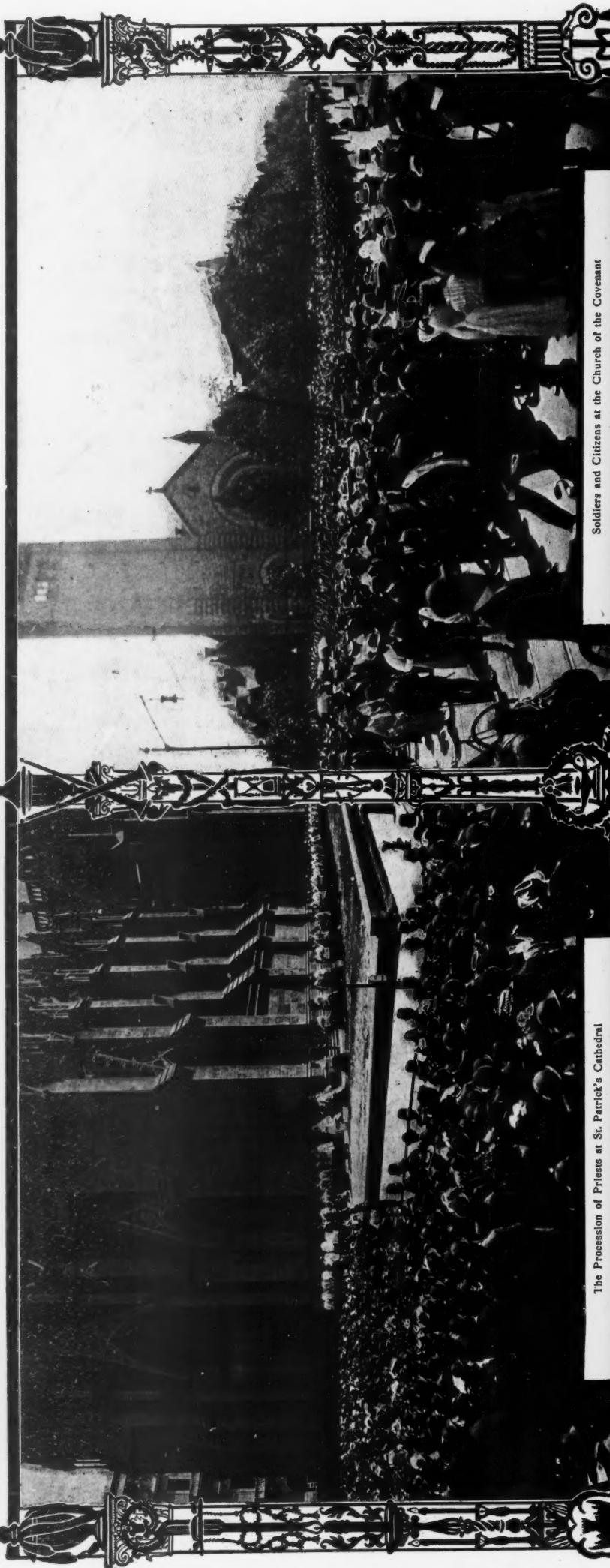
J. Pierpont Morgan

A Superannuated Miner

Senator Hanna

Miner's Wife and Children

COLLIER'S WEEKLY  
THE FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN THE FUNERAL OF REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON



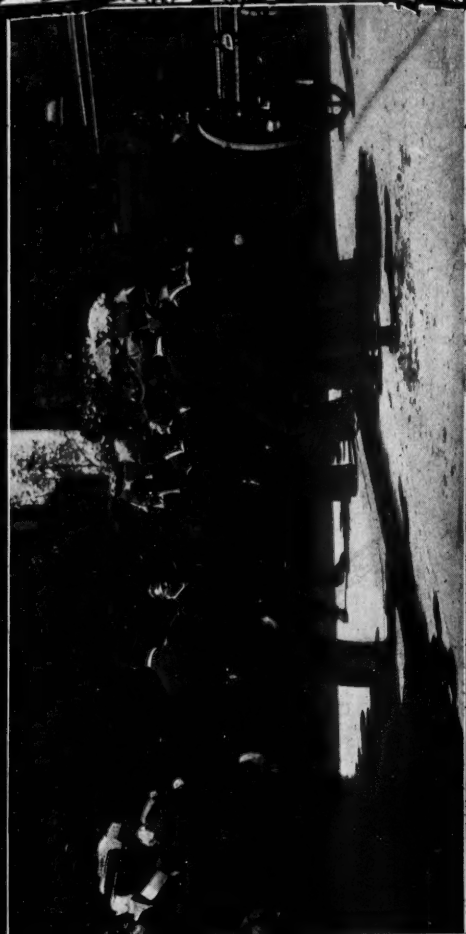
The Procession of Priests at St. Patrick's Cathedral

Soldiers and Citizens at the Church of the Covenant



Visiting Priests Ascending the Steps of the Cathedral

For three days the body of the late Archbishop Corrigan lay in state in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, where sorrowing multitudes viewed the remains. On May 9 the body was placed in the crypt and solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons before many ecclesiasts



The Casket Borne by Sailors into the Church

The funeral escort of Rear-Admiral Sampson in Washington, May 9, represented both Army and Navy. President Roosevelt, General Miles, Admiral Dewey and many high officials were present at the Church of the Covenant. The interment took place at Arlington Cemetery

# THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

*"Go the repose of the just and the reward of Eternal Glory."*

Pope Leo XIII.

Copyright, 1886, Anderson, N. Y.



Archbishop Corrigan

FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS this prelate held a unique position, far more exalted than even his brethren or his neighbors dreamed. The See of New York in his administration became one of the great Roman Catholic sees of the world, not only by the increase of the Catholic population, but by the character of that population. They represent almost every nation under heaven, and their presence in numbers, Italians, Syrians, Greeks, Bohemians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Irish, Germans and Canadians, brought the Archbishop into intimate relation with the Pope and his bureaux of administration, and made him a powerful factor in American life.

He knew his own power, but not to its full extent. He could easily have played the rôle of international prelate, and have made his name familiar on both continents, had not his temperament hindered. He shrank from notoriety. His very appearance and manner indicated this dread. He was a prepossessing man, fair-skinned, and of a delicate complexion, a vivacious talker, rather anxious to please those whom he entertained but always courteous in the extreme. His history accounts for a certain timidity which always suggested itself in his manner. He was born in the city of Newark, and after a quiet college career in Maryland, completed his studies in Rome. His life was always studious and secluded. He mingled not at all in the sports of other boys. On his re-

turn home he became a professor in Seton Hall College, and afterward its president. From that position he stepped into the See of Newark, and finally succeeded Cardinal McCloskey as Archbishop of New York in 1885.

His preparation for the episcopate was therefore purely academic. With the life of the priest who looks after a parish he had no acquaintance except through observation. In Archbishop Corrigan there was no lack of sympathy for his clergy; his academic career simply left him without that acquaintance with the outside world which a prelate in so high a position certainly should have. This deficiency made him a poor judge of men and left him dependent on his advisers. To these conditions may be traced the one storm of his administration, the difficulty with Dr. Edward McGlynn; and also, perhaps, the acrimonious controversy with Archbishop Ireland on the education question. Dr. Corrigan was too kind and too peaceable a man and too tender-hearted a bishop to desire the quarrels which rose from these two matters.

It would be impossible to give here an account of his multiplied activities. He paid special attention to the matter of religion in education, and worked hard to secure the Catholic school for all the Catholic children. He had a perfect horror for the unreligious system of the public schools. At his death the whole scheme of Catholic education in his diocese had been completed. Fifty thousand children were in the common schools; the high school, academy and college had been provided by the various religious communities, and a splendid seminary for the training of the clergy had been built at Dunwoodie.

The training of young men for the priesthood was his cherished project. The building erected at Dunwoodie for the

training of the clergy is one of the finest in the world, and is in charge of the Sulpician community, a body of men whose special object is the fitting of young men for the work of the parish. At the time of his death Dr. Corrigan was about to supplement this work by another, a city college for the classical education needed by boys who are to become priests. He held the theory that the young cleric should be educated apart from other boys from the beginning of his special studies. The new college would have been opened next September in a building not far from the Cathedral on Madison Avenue.

He may have been aware of the high respect and consideration which the rulers of New York—social, financial, intellectual and religious—began to entertain for him within a decade. Bishop Potter expressed this feeling very properly. When men began to see the complexity of the social and political problems which must be solved by our rulers, the influence so beautifully wielded for the general good by the late Archbishop became of immense importance; and all rejoiced that such an influence lay in the hands of a man so pious, so faithful, so conscientious. Yet speaking generally, few know the debt which the public owes to him. His life, his talents, his fortune, were literally spent for the people, for the country. His power was used for no other purpose. His whole life lay in the plane of heroism.

One regret touched more deeply the hearts of his people as they saw him laid to rest: that the honor of the cardinalate had not come to him. Had he lived another year the Pope would undoubtedly have recognized his services, and paid honor to the See of New York, by conferring upon him this exalted rank. Apart from all questions of faction, it was agreed that the time had come to raise him to the purple. Death came instead.



## SAMPSON and SANTIAGO

By Edgar Stanton Maclay

Author of

"THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY."



Photograph 1901 by Histed



Rear-Admiral Sampson

THERE IS one feature in the career of the late Rear-Admiral William Thomas Sampson that appeals to every American, and that is the fact that he was pre-eminently a self-made man. Americans have gloried, and very justly, in their men who have attained distinction by personal merit. We point with pride to our "rail-splitter," "towpath boy" and "tanner's son," who attained the highest position in the gift of the people. Second to none of these in the brilliancy and value of services rendered is Sampson, who, from the humblest beginnings, rose, step by step, without slip, fall or retrogression, to become one of the greatest characters in the world.

Possibly the most gratifying phase of his record is the fact that on no occasion, in his long professional career, did he lend himself or his office to any political party or clique to advance their interests and to receive as his reward their organized support. Sampson's worth was recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike. In 1894, when a foreign war was imminent, a Democratic President went over the available navy leaders, and, coming down to Sampson's name (then nearly at the bottom of the list of captains), said, "That is the man." Four years later, when the Spanish warcloud lowered and the nation anxiously cast about for a man to whom to intrust our maritime forces a Republican President went over the list, and again the finger stopped at the name Sampson.

With a modesty so characteristic of the man, Sampson quietly assumed his task and began that long, ceaseless vigil over American interests on the high seas which ended not until the last Spanish ship in Western waters had been captured or destroyed; nay, it ended not till his own body and mind had been wrecked by the fearful strain of active warfare and by, perhaps, that unkindest blow of all—the lack of appreciation from his fellow-countrymen.

Sampson's father was a day laborer. The admiral's mother, Hannah Sampson, was a woman of unusual beauty of face and character—graces inherited by her distinguished son. She had one great ambition (the noblest in American motherhood), namely, that at least one of her eight children might "rise in the world"—and all the drudgery of housekeeping and the washbowl could not rub it out of her.

The Sampsons were brought up strictly in the Presbyterian faith, and the admiral used to tell how vividly he recalled those Sunday morning bustlings and hustlings, those scrubbing and soddings, as his mother marshalled her little flock and led them, starched, stiff and uncomfortable, up the hill to "kirk," a mile or so away. Other things might fail, but never those Sunday morning "dress parades" in Hannah Sampson's household. On week days young Sampson contributed to the support of his family the best he could. This meant work on the roads, digging trenches, planting or weeding some neighbor's garden.

One afternoon in September, while young Sampson (then

sixteen years old) was "fixing the road" near the village post-office, some one called out:

"Here's a big letter for you, Will."

The lad took it, but, instead of opening it, stuck it in his pocket and resumed work, believing that he should devote all his time to his employer. Actuated by friendly curiosity, some one asked:

"Is it the a'pintment, Will?"

"I hope so," gravely replied the youth, "but I must finish my day's work first."

The important letter was taken home so that the joy-dimmed eyes of his mother might be the first to read that William Thomas Sampson had received an appointment in the United States navy.

Entering the Naval Academy, Sampson quickly took the lead in all grades and was graduated at the head of his class. The lamented Rear-Admiral Philip said of him: "No matter what the subject of study was, Sampson, with invariable regularity, had the perfect marking." Indeed, all through his professional career, in whatever service he was engaged, it was the verdict of his brother officers that he was the best man for the place. It was off Charleston, in 1864, that Sampson conceived those ideas of blockade which, thirty-four years later, he developed into that masterpiece of naval science—the blockade of Santiago.

To give a complete record of the special services rendered by Sampson would be to write a history of the rise and development of the new navy. His handiwork is in evidence throughout the fabric. In every work to which he was detailed Sampson brought that extraordinary power of concentration and intensity of purpose which were characteristic of him. Indeed, it was this work habit that caused Sampson to be regarded as austere, cold and reserved; yet no naval commander ever labored more assiduously for the personal comfort of the men under him than Sampson. His manner toward some may have been cold, but his great heart was warm, as many who knew him intimately will gladly testify.

To Sampson belongs the distinction of having commanded the greatest and most powerful war fleet (under actual war conditions) in the world's history. He had absolute control over one hundred and twenty-five craft. That he handled this vast assemblage of fighting machines through the war without a single disaster, a serious mishap or an important error of any kind is one of the marvels of the age. His initiation and maintenance of the Cuban blockade—a task of unusual difficulty and one that was performed under peculiarly trying conditions—his drag-net of scouting ships that so quickly caught Cervera in its meshes almost on the very hour of his arrival on this side of the Atlantic, his swift and energetic efforts to hold the enemy's ships in Santiago Harbor, his installation of a matchless blockade (the inevitable sequence of which was the great naval engagement that followed), and his personal conduct of that action are imperishable monuments to the memory of the hero.

By means of a systematic misrepresentation, suppression and confusion of facts many well-meaning people in the United States have been led to believe, even to this day, that Sampson was not present, or only technically present, at the battle of July 3, 1898, and therefore is not entitled to the credit of that day's work. In justice to all con-

cerned the plain facts in this case should be clearly set forth.

The Santiago sea fight began at 9.35 A.M. and ended at 1.15 P.M., or three hours and forty minutes. The line of battle extended from the mouth of the harbor to a point on the coast some fifty miles westward. At the time Cervera's vessels were discovered coming out, the *New York* (Sampson's flagship), according to the most careful official measurements, was seven and one-quarter miles from the harbor entrance. The blockading ships were arranged in a semicircle, having a three to four mile radius from the harbor's mouth; so that, while the *New York* was seven and one-quarter miles from the harbor's mouth (just about the distance between the Battery and the Narrows in New York Harbor), she was not more than four miles from the eastern end of the blockade (a little more than half-way between the Battery and Tompkinsville, Staten Island), in plain sight of and in easy signalling distance of that end of the blockade formation.

From the *New York*'s deck Cervera's ships were distinctly seen coming out. The *New York* at once retraced her course under full speed and within half an hour was on the field of action, while the fight was still raging and in time to use her 4-inch guns on the torpedo-boat destroyers which came out some time after the cruisers. In order to make a "short cut" Sampson ran close under the fortifications guarding the harbor entrance and was subjected to the most dangerous fire of that day, namely, that of plunging shot from the hilltop guns—any one of which might easily have sunk her. The *New York* sped on through water alive with Spaniards imploring for rescue, and for three hours was in easy supporting distance of the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Texas* and the other ships. As a matter of fact, the *New York* maintained a position nearer to the centre of that rapidly lengthening battle line than any other American ship. It was from this vantage-point that Sampson noted that, in the chase of the *Cristobal Colon* and *Vizcaya*, the mouth of Santiago Harbor had been left unguarded. He knew that Spanish gunboats were in there and might easily come out and destroy the *Gloucester* and other frail craft in the vicinity—or even rescue the crews of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and *Almirante Oquendo*—and regain the harbor in safety. It was for this reason that Sampson ordered the *Indiana* back to the harbor entrance.

The incontrovertible facts in the case are, then, that so far from Sampson "not being there," his ship entered that battle line within half an hour after action began, that she was exposed to the most dangerous fire the Spaniards delivered that day, that she was near enough to fire her 4-inch guns on the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, that Sampson, by ordering the *Indiana* back and in giving other directions, ensured the safety of the fleet as a whole and the completeness of the victory, and that of the three hours and forty minutes of the battle's duration he was for three hours not only technically and actually on the field of battle, but maintained for most of that time a position nearer to the centre of the scene of immediate activity than any other American ship.

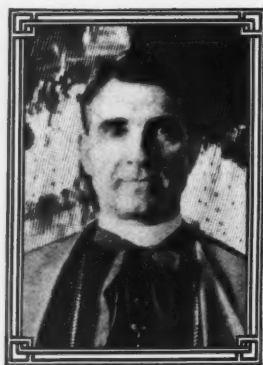
Such being the indisputable facts in the case, it would be as unfair to claim that Washington was not at Yorktown, Napoleon was not at Wagram, Wellington was not at Waterloo, Grant was not at Vicksburg and Meade was not at Gettysburg as to say that Sampson was not at Santiago.

# LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S WORK



**THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT**

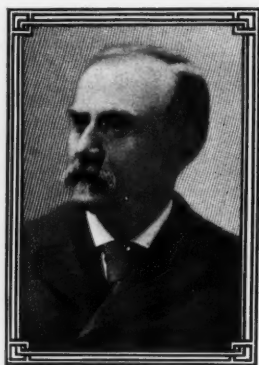
The Duke of Connaught is looked upon in English military circles as the probable successor to Earl Roberts as commander of the British army. Earl Roberts is expected to resign when the coronation ceremonies are over. The Duke is the third son of the late Queen.



**CARDINAL MARTINELLI**

Cardinal Sebastiano Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate in this country, has been summoned to Rome by the Pope to formally receive his red Cardinal's biretta. His recall also puts an end to his service as the Papal representative here. It is not yet known who will succeed him.

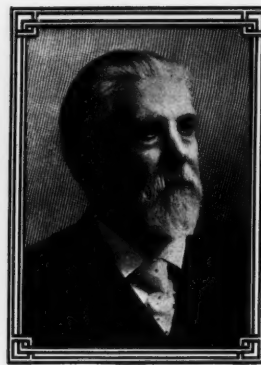
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**JULIUS STERLING MORTON**

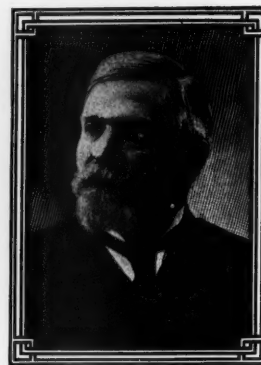
Julius Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's Cabinet, and founder of "Arbor Day," died at Lake Forest, Illinois, April 27. He was a prominent man in Nebraska. He developed the Department of Agriculture into a bureau of great importance.

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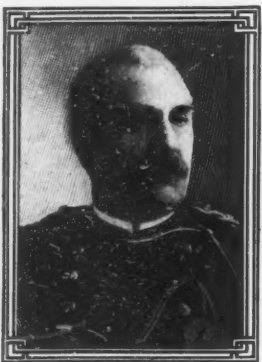
**DR. J. L. M. CURRY**

Dr. Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry is the special representative of the United States at the coronation of Alfonso XIII. He has led a life full of activity. He served in both Mexican and Civil Wars. He practiced law and later became a clergyman. He was once Minister to Spain.



**WILLIAM McKINLEY OSBORNE**

William McKinley Osborne, Consul-General at London, died in Wimbledon, April 29. He was a cousin of President McKinley, a member of the Board of Police Commissioners in Boston in 1895 and Secretary of the Republican National Committee in 1896.



**GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS**

General George W. Davis, who was assigned to command the army in Mindanao, has achieved distinction by a decisive campaign against the Moros. General Davis was Governor of Porto Rico and was selected for his present post because of his clear judgment.



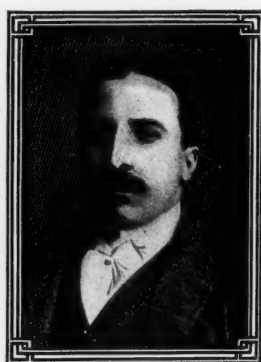
**SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE**

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge delivered a famous speech in the Senate May 6 on the subject of the Philippine bill. He spoke for two hours. The speech, which will be used as a campaign document, quoted freely from an article published in Collier's Weekly.



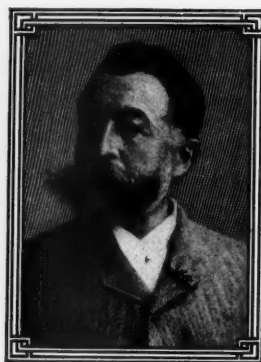
**SECRETARY OF WAR ROOT**

Elihu Root, Secretary of War, again comes conspicuously before the public as accepting responsibility for the Philippine War policy. Mr. Root is generally considered the most influential member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, as he was of McKinley's.



**CRAIG WADSWORTH**

Craig Wadsworth, appointed third secretary of the Embassy at London, one of the most important posts in the legation, is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt's, and is the Rough Rider of whom the President said, "he never knew what fear meant."



**THOMAS NAST**

Thomas Nast, the famous caricaturist and political cartoonist, has been appointed Consul-General of Ecuador, displacing Perry M. De Leon, whose removal the Ecuadorian Government requested. Thomas Nast was born in Landau, Bavaria, September 27, 1840.



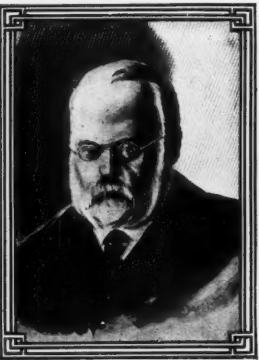
**JUAN I. JIMENEZ**

Juan I. Jimenez, President of the Republic of Santo Domingo, was overthrown by the insurgents under the leadership of General Horacio Vasquez. The cause of the revolt and his downfall, it is alleged, was the misuse of public moneys. He was elected in 1899.



**SOL SMITH RUSSELL**

Sol Smith Russell, whose death deprived the American public of one of its best comedians, was born in Brunswick, Mo., 1848. From boyhood his aspirations had been for the stage. Mr. Russell's first "star" appearance was in "Edgewood Folks."



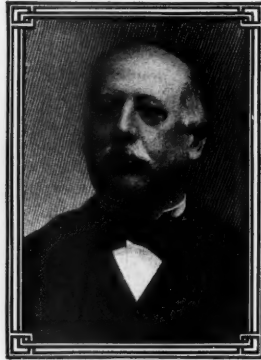
**HERR JOHANN MOST**

Herr Johann Most is a hater of the American Government. After McKinley's assassination he wrote a violent editorial, "Murder vs. Murder," which caused his arrest. Even while under indictment he addressed a crowd of sympathizers in anarchistic words.



**MRS. HETTY GREEN**

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, has been granted a permit to carry a .44-calibre revolver. She says she has been repeatedly threatened with death. She has refuted uncomplimentary opinions by assisting the Martinique sufferers.



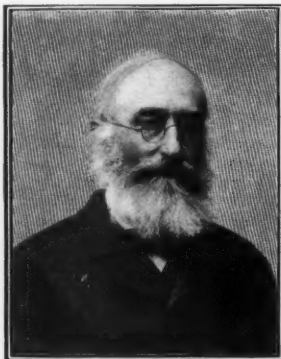
**H. O. HAVEMEYER**

Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the "Trust," was summoned by the Senate to testify concerning sugar tariff reductions. He said the Cuban planter will get the full benefit of tariff reductions.



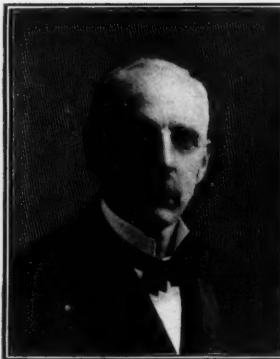
**GENERAL HORACIO VASQUEZ**

General Horacio Vasquez is the Vice-President of the Island of Santo Domingo, who, at the head of revolutionists, defeated the militia of President Jimenez, after two weeks' field operations. He is respected and esteemed by his countrymen.



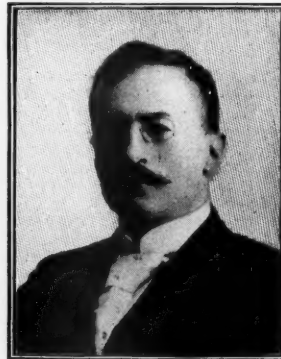
**KOLOMAN VON TISZA**

Koloman Von Tisza, who died recently at Budapest, was generally regarded by Hungarians as the greatest statesman of their country. For fifteen years, as Premier, he had a tremendous formative and constructive influence on Hungary and Austria.



**LESLIE M. SHAW**

Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, has stirred up England by a recent speech in which he said that an Isthmian canal and a great merchant marine "will transfer the sovereignty of the Pacific from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes."



**SVEN HEDIN**

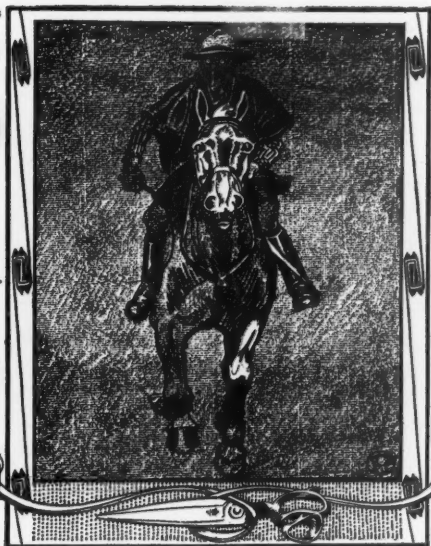
Sven Hedin, most distinguished of recent explorers, is returning to Sweden after several marvellous journeys in Central Asia. He traversed thousands of miles of hitherto unknown country, solved the problem of Lob Nor Lake, and discovered ruins of ancient cities.

# RANSON'S

By RICHARD

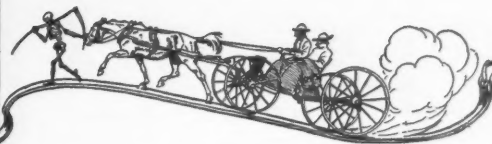


Decorations by Edward Penfield



# FOLLY

HARDING DAVIS



Illustrations by Frederic Remington

## PART III

### SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I and II

For the sake of diversion from the dull routine of a Western fort, Lieutenant Ranson, one of the officers, the son of a very rich man, engages, against the advice of his comrades, to hold up the Fort Crockett stage with a pair of shears, in a disguise imitating that of the "Red Rider," a notorious but evasive highwayman. After Ranson has started on his mission, Cahill, the post trader (who has a pretty and decidedly interesting daughter), mysteriously rides out alone in the direction from which the army paymaster, with his treasure, is expected to come. The lieutenant carries out his plan successfully, though a young lady in the stage coach shows herself incredulous as to his pretended personality. In the meantime the paymaster has been stopped, robbed, and wounded, and the driver reported killed. The lieutenant, returning home after his escapade, is unconcernedly playing the piano, when another lieutenant and four troopers come into the room. Ranson is informed that he is arrested for the crime involved in the assault upon the paymaster.

THAT night at the post there was little sleep for any one. The feet of hurrying orderlies beat upon the parade ground, the windows of the Officers' Club blazed defiantly, and from the darkened quarters of the enlisted men came the sound of voices snarling in violent vituperation. At midnight, half of Ranson's troop, having attacked the rest of the regiment with cavalry boots, were marched under arrest to the guard-house. As they passed Ranson's hut, where he still paced the veranda, a burning cigarette attesting his wakefulness, they cheered him riotously. At two o'clock it was announced from the hospital that both patients were out of danger; for it had developed that, in his hurried diagnosis, Sergeant Clancey had located Henderson's heart six inches from where it should have been.

When one of the men who guarded Ranson reported this good news the prisoner said, "Still, I hope they'll hang whoever did it. They shouldn't hang a man for being a good shot and let him off because he's a bad one."

At the time of the hold-up Mary Cahill had been a half-mile distant from the post at the camp of the Kiowas, where she had gone in answer to the cry of Lightfoot's squaw. When she returned she found Indian Pete in charge of the exchange. Her father, he told her, had ridden to the Indian village in search of her. As he spoke the post trader appeared. "I'm sorry I missed you," his daughter called to him.

At the sound Cahill pulled his horse sharply toward the corral. "I had a horse deal on—with the chief," he answered over his shoulder. "When I got to Lightfoot's tent you had gone."

After he had dismounted, and was coming toward her, she noted that his right hand was bound in a handkerchief, and exclaimed with apprehension.

"It is nothing," Cahill protested. "I was foolin' with one of the new regulation revolvers, with my hand over the muzzle. Bull went through the palm."

Miss Cahill gave a tremulous cry and caught the injured hand to her lips.

Her father snatched it from her roughly.

"Let go!" he growled. "It serves me right."

A few minutes later Mary Cahill, bearing liniment for her father's hand, knocked at his bedroom and found it empty. When she peered from the top of the stairs into the shop window below she saw him busily engaged with his one hand buckling the stirrup straps of his saddle.

When she called, he sprang upright with an oath. He had faced her so suddenly that it sounded as though he had sworn, not in surprise, but at her.

"You startled me," he murmured. His eyes glanced suspiciously from her to the saddle. "These stirrup straps—they're too short," he announced. "Pete or somebody's been using my saddle."

"I came to bring you this 'first-aid' bandage for your hand," said his daughter.

Cahill gave a shrug of impatience.

"My hand's all right," he said; "you go to bed. I've got to begin taking account of stock."

"To-night?"

"There's no time by day. Go to bed."

For nearly an hour Miss Cahill lay awake listening to her father moving about in the shop below. Never before had he spoken roughly to her, and she, knowing how much the thought that he had done so would distress him, was herself distressed.

In his lonely vigil on the veranda Ranson looked from the post down the hill to where the light still shone from Mary Cahill's window. He wondered if she had heard the news, and if it were any thought of him that kept sleep from her.

"You ass! you idiot!" he muttered. "You're worried and troubled her. She believes one of her precious army is

a thief and a murderer." He cursed himself picturesquely, but the thought that she might possibly be concerned on his account did not, he found, distress him as greatly as it should. On the contrary, as he watched the light his heart glowed warmly. And long after the light went out he still looked toward the home of the post trader, his brain filled with thoughts of his return to his former life outside the army, the old life to which he vowed he would not return alone.

The next morning Miss Cahill learned the news when the junior officer came to mess and explained why Ranson was not with them. Her only comment was to at once start for his quarters with his breakfast in a basket. She could have sent it by Pete, but, she argued, when one of her officers was in trouble that was not the time to turn him over to the mercies of a servant. No, she assured herself, it was not because the officer happened to be Ranson. She would have done as much, or as little, for any one of them. When Curtis and Haines were ill of the gripe, had she not carried them many good things of her own making?

But it was not an easy sacrifice. As she crossed the parade ground she recognized that over-night Ranson's hut, where he was a prisoner in his own quarters, had become to the post the storm-centre of interest, and to approach it was to invite the attention of the garrison. At headquarters a group of officers turned and looked her way, there was a flutter among the frocks on Mrs. Bolland's porch, and the enlisted men, smoking their pipes on the rail of the barracks, whispered together. When she reached Ranson's hut, over four hundred pair of eyes were upon her and her cheeks were flushing. Ranson came leaping to the gate, and lifted the basket from her arm as though he were removing an opera cloak. He set it upon the gate-post, and nervously clasped the palings of the gate with both hands. He had not been to bed, but that fact alone could not explain the strangeness of his manner. Never before had she seen him disconcerted or abashed.

"You shouldn't have done it," he stammered. "Indeed, indeed, you are much too good. But you shouldn't have come."

His voice shook slightly.

"Why not?" asked Mary Cahill. "I couldn't let you go hungry."

"You know it isn't that," he said; "it's your coming here at all. Why, only three of the fellows have been near me this morning. And they only came from a sense of duty. I know they did—I could feel it. You shouldn't have come here. I'm not a proper person; I'm an outlaw. You might think this was a pest-house, you might think I was a leper. Why, those Stickney girls have been watching me all morning through a field-glass." He clasped and unclasped his fingers around the palings. "They believe I did it," he protested, with the bewildered accents of a child. "They all believe it."

Miss Cahill laughed. The laugh was quieting and comforting. It brought him nearer to earth, and her next remark brought him still further.

"Have you had any breakfast?" she asked.

"Breakfast!" stammered Ranson; "no. The guard brought some, but I couldn't eat it. This thing has taken the life out of me—to think sane, sensible people—my own people—could believe that I'd steal, that I'd kill a man for money."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Cahill soothingly, "but you've not had any sleep, and you need your coffee." She lifted the lid of the basket. "It's getting cold," she said. "Don't you worry about what people think. You must remember you're a prisoner now under arrest. You can't expect the officers to run over here as freely as they used to. What do you want?" she laughed. "Do you think the colonel should parade the band and give you a serenade?" For a moment Ranson stared at her dully, and then his sense of proportion returned to him. He threw back his head and laughed with her joyfully.

From verandas, barracks and headquarters the four hundred pair of eyes noted this evidence of heartlessness with varied emotions. But, unmindful of them, Ranson now leaned forward, the eager, searching look coming back into his black eyes. They were so close to Mary Cahill's that she drew away. He dropped his voice to a whisper and spoke swiftly.

"Miss Cahill, whatever happens to me I won't forget this. I won't forget your coming here and throwing heart into me. You were the only one who did. I haven't asked you if you believe that I—"

She raised her eyes reproachfully and smiled. "You know you don't have to do that," she said.

The prisoner seized the palings as though he meant to pull apart the barrier between them. He drew a long breath like one inhaling a draught of clean morning air.

"No," he said, his voice ringing. "I don't have to do that." He cast a swift glance to the left and right. The sentry's bayonet was just disappearing behind the corner of the hut.

To the four hundred other eyes around the parade ground Lieutenant Ranson's attitude suggested that he was explaining to Cahill's daughter what he wanted for his luncheon. His eyes held her as firmly as though the palings he clasped were her two hands.

"Mary," he said, and the speaking of her name seemed to stop the beating of his heart. "Mary," he whispered, as softly as though he were beginning a prayer, "you're the bravest, the sweetest, the dearest girl in all the world. And I've known it for months, and now you must know. And there'll never be any other girl in my life but you."

Mary Cahill drew away from him in doubt and wonder.

"I didn't mean to tell you just yet," he whispered, "but now that I've seen you I can't help it. I knew it last night when I stood back there and watched your windows, and couldn't think of this trouble, nor of anything else, but just you. And you've got to promise me, if I get out of this all right—you must—must promise me—"

Mary Cahill's eyes, as she raised them to his, were moist and glowing. They promised him with a great love and tenderness. But at the sight Ranson protested wildly.

"No," he whispered, "you mustn't promise—anything. I shouldn't have asked it. After I'm out of this, after the court-martial, then you've got to promise that you'll never, never leave me."

Miss Cahill knitted her hands together and turned away her head. The happiness in her heart rose to her throat like a great melody and choked her. Before her, exposed in the thin spring sunshine, was the square of ugly brown cottages, the bare parade ground, in its centre Trumpeter Tyler fingering his bugle, and beyond on every side an ocean of blackened prairie. But she saw nothing of this. She saw instead a beautiful world opening its arms to her, a world smiling with sunshine, glowing with color, singing with love and content.

She turned to him with all that was in her heart showing in her face.

"Don't!" he begged, tremblingly, "don't answer. I couldn't bear it—if you said 'no' to me." He jerked his head toward the men who guarded him. "Wait until I'm tried, and not in disgrace." He shook the gate between them savagely as though it actually held him a prisoner.

Mary Cahill raised her head proudly.

"You have no right. You've hurt me," she whispered.

"You hurt me."

"Hurt you?" he cried.

She pressed her hands together. It was impossible to tell him, it was impossible to speak of what she felt; of the pride, of the trust and love, to disclose this new and wonderful thing while the gate was between them, while the sentries paced on either side, while the curious eyes of the garrison were fastened upon her.

"Oh, can't you see?" she whispered. "As though I cared for a court-martial! I know you. You are just the same. You are just what you have always been to me—what you always will be to me."

She thrust her hand toward him and he seized it in both of his, and then released it instantly, and, as though afraid of his own self-control, backed hurriedly from her, and she turned and walked rapidly away.

Captain Carr, who had been Ranson's captain in the Philippines, and who was much his friend, had been appointed to act as his counsel. When later that morning he visited his client to lay out a line of defence he found Ranson inclined to treat the danger which threatened him with the most arrogant flippancy. He had never seen him in a more objectionable mood.

"You can call the charge 'tommy-rot' if you like," Carr protested sharply. "But, let me tell you that's not the view any one else takes of it, and if you expect the officers of the court-martial and the civil authorities to take that view of it you've got to get down to work and help me prove that it is 'tommy-rot.' That Miss Post, as soon as she got here, when she thought it was only a practical joke, told them that the road agent threatened her with a pair of shears. Now, Crosby and Curtis will testify that you took a pair of shears from Cahill's, and from what Miss Post saw of your ring she can probably identify that, too; so—"

"Oh, we concede the shears," declared Ranson, waving his hand grandly. "We admit the first hold-up."

"The devil we do!" returned Carr. "Now, as your counsel, I advise nothing of the sort."

"You advise me to lie?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Carr. "A plea of not guilty is only a legal form. When you consider that the first hold-up in itself is enough to lose you your commission—"

"Well, it's my commission," said Ranson. "It was only a silly joke anyway. And the War Department must have some sense of humor or it wouldn't have given me a commission in the first place. Of course, we'll admit the first hold-up, but we won't stand for the second one. I



MEMORIAL DAY

*Let us to-day remember those who sleep  
After the battle done;  
Upon their graves our wreaths and garlands heap  
All fragrant in the sun.*

*Nobly they fought and nobly did they die.  
All that their souls could give  
They gave their country that the flag might fly  
And Liberty might live.*

"WIDOWS OF TWO WARS." MEMORIAL

DRAWN BY A. I. K.



## MEMORIAL DAY AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

BY A. I. KELLER

*Flowers for the Nation's dead! Ah, Memory,  
Forget not those to-day—  
'Soldiers and sailors, on the land and sea,  
In service far away!*

*Forget not those who fought and still abide  
Waiting the Captain's call—  
The host of veterans marching side by side:  
God bless them one and all!*

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

had no more to do with that than with the Whitechapel murders."

"How are we to prove that?" demanded Carr. "Where's your alibi? Where were you after the first hold-up?"

"I was making for home as fast as I could cut," said Ranson. He suddenly stopped in his walk up and down the room and confronted his counsel sternly. "Captain," he demanded, "I wish you to instruct me on a point of law."

Carr's brow relaxed. He was relieved to find that Ranson had awakened to the seriousness of the charges against him.

"That's what I'm here for," he said encouragingly.

"Well, captain," said Ranson, "if an officer is under arrest as I am and confined to his quarters, is he or is he not allowed to send to the club for a bottle of champagne?"

"Really, Ranson!" cried the captain angrily, "you are impossible."

"I only want to celebrate," said Ranson meekly. "I'm a very happy man; I'm the happiest man on earth. I want to ride across the prairie shooting off both guns and yelling like a cowboy. Instead of which I am locked up indoors and have to talk to you about a highway robbery which does not amuse me, which does not concern me—and of which I know nothing and care less. Now, you are detailed to prove me innocent. That's your duty, and you ought to do your duty. But don't drag me in. I've got much more important things to think about."

Bewilderment, rage and despair were written upon the face of the captain.

"Ranson!" he roared. "Is this a pose, or are you mad? Can't you understand that you came very near to being hanged for murder and that you are in great danger of going to jail for theft? Let me put before you the extremely unpleasant position in which you have been ass enough to place yourself. You don't quite seem to grasp it. You tell two brother officers that you are going to rob the stage. To do so you disguise yourself in a poncho and a red handkerchief, and you remove the army stirrups from your stirrup leathers. You then do rob this coach, or at least hold it up, and you are recognized. A few minutes later, in the same trail and in the same direction you have taken, there is a second hold-up, this time of the paymaster. The man who robs the paymaster wears a poncho and a red kerchief, and he has no stirrups in his stirrup leathers. The two hold-ups take place within a half-mile of each other, within five minutes of each other. Now, is it reasonable to believe that last night two men were hiding in the buttes intent upon robbery, each in an army poncho, each wearing a red bandanna handkerchief and each riding without stirrups? Between believing in such a strange coincidence and that you did it, I'll be hanged if I don't believe you did it."

"I don't blame you," said Ranson. "What can I do to set your mind at rest?"

"Well, tell me exactly what persons knew that you meant to hold up the stage."

"Curtis and Crosby, no one else."

"Not even Cahill?"

"No, Cahill came in just before I said I would stop the

stage, but I remember particularly that before I spoke I waited for him to get back to the exchange."

"And Crosby tells me," continued Carr, "that the instant you had gone he looked into the exchange and saw Cahill at the furthest corner from the door. He could have heard nothing."

"If you ask me, I think you've begun at the wrong end," said Ranson. "If I were looking for the Red Rider I'd search for him in Kiowa City."

"Why?"

"Because, at this end no one but a few officers knew that the paymaster was coming, while in Kiowa everybody in the town knew it, for they saw him start. It would be very easy for one of those cowboys to ride ahead and lie in wait for him in the buttes. There are several tough specimens in Kiowa. Any one of them would rob a man for twenty dollars—let alone ten thousand. There's 'Abe' Fisher and Foster King, and the Chase boys, and I believe old 'Pop' Henderson himself isn't above holding up one of his own stages."

"He's above shooting himself in the lungs," said Carr. "Nonsense. No, I am convinced that some one followed you from this post, and perhaps Cahill can tell us who that was. I sent for him this morning, and he's waiting at my quarters now. Suppose I ask him to step over here, so that we can discuss it together."

Before he answered, Ranson hesitated, with his eyes on the ground. He had no way of knowing whether Mary Cahill had told her father anything of what he had said to her that morning. But if she had done so, he did not want to meet Cahill in the presence of a third party for the first time since he had learned the news.

"I'll tell you what I wish you would do," he said. "I wish you'd let me see Cahill first, by myself. What I want to see him about has nothing to do with the hold-up," he added. "It concerns only us two, but I'd like to have it out of the way before we consult him as a witness."

Carr rose doubtfully. "Why, certainly," he said; "I'll send him over, and when you're ready for me step out on the porch and call. I'll be sitting on my veranda. I hope you've had no quarrel with Cahill—I mean I hope this personal matter is nothing that will prejudice him against you."

Ranson smiled. "I hope not, too," he said. "No, we've not quarreled—yet," he added.

Carr still lingered. "Cahill is like to be a very important witness for the other side."

"I doubt it," said Ranson easily. "Cahill's a close-mouthed chap, but when he does talk he talks to the point and he'll tell the truth. That can't hurt us."

As Cahill crossed the parade ground from Captain Carr's quarters on his way to Ranson's hut his brain was crowded swiftly with doubts, memories and resolves. For him the interview held no alarms. He had no misgivings as to its outcome. For his daughter's sake he was determined that he himself must not be disgraced in her eyes and that to that end Ranson must be sacrificed. It was to make a lady of her, as he understood what a lady should be, that on six moonlit raids he had ventured forth in his red mask and

robbed the Kiowa stage. That there were others who roamed abroad in the disguise of the Red Rider he was well aware. There were nights the stage was held up when he was innocently busy behind his counter in touch with the whole garrison. Of these nights he made much. They were alibis furnished by his rivals. They served to keep suspicion from himself, and he, working for the same object, was indefatigable in proclaiming that all the depredations of the Red Rider showed the handiwork of one and the same individual.

"He comes from Kiowa of course," he would point out. "Some fellow who lives where the stage starts, and knows when the passengers carry money. You don't hear of him holding up a stage full of recruits or cow-punchers. It's always the drummers and the mine directors that the Red Rider lays for. How does he know they're in the stage if he don't see 'em start from Kiowa? Ask 'Pop' Henderson. Ask 'Abe' Fisher. Maybe they know more than they'd care to tell."

The money which at different times Cahill had taken from the Kiowa stage lay in a New York bank, and the law of limitation made it now possible for him to return to that city and claim it. Already his savings were sufficient in amount to support both his daughter and himself in one of those foreign cities, of which she had so often told him and for which he knew she hungered. And for the last five years he had had no other object in living than to feed her wants. Through some strange trick of the mind he remembered suddenly and vividly a long forgotten scene in the back room of McTurk's, when he was McTurk's bouncer. The night before a girl had killed herself in this same back room; she made the third who had done so in the month. He recalled the faces of the reporters eyeing McTurk in cold distaste as that terror of the Bowery whimpered before them on his knees. "But my daughters will read it," he had begged. "Suppose they believe I'm what you call me. Don't go and give me a bad name to them, gentlemen. It ain't my fault the girl's died here. You wouldn't have my daughters think I'm to blame for that? They're ladies, my daughters, they're just out of the convent, and they don't know that there is such women in the world as come to this place. And I can't have 'em turned against their old pop. For God's sake, gentlemen, don't let my girls know!"

Cahill remembered the contempt he had felt for his employer as he pulled him to his feet, but now McTurk's appeal seemed just and natural. His point of view was that of the loving and considerate parent. In Cahill's mind there was no moral question involved. If to make his girl rich and a lady, and to lift her out of the life of the exchange, was a sin the sin was his own and he was willing to "stand for it." And like McTurk he would see that the sin of the father was not visited upon the child. Ranson was rich, foolishly, selfishly rich; his father was a United States Senator with influence enough, and money enough, to fight the law—to buy his son out of jail. Sooner than his daughter should know that her father was one of those who sometimes wore the mask of the Red Rider, Ranson, for all he cared, could go to jail, or to



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

### "THE BOY WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE WILD BUNCH"

On the long evenings in the Sioux shacks the good old custom of the winter tales survives. In the tepee days, old men gave their interminable recitals to the young by the fire-light; handing down the traditions, the glories and the mysteries of the tribe and clan. But now Sir Oracle is a boy. He has been all summer with a "Wild West" show and has seen much that is wonderful to the old men who never cared to wander toward the East. Beside him is a trunk full of Yankee notions, never seen at the trader's store, and a kerosene lamp, which is his white-man fetish. He tells his story in a low voice, with many gestures in the sign language; he is not boisterous in his talk, or the elders would not listen to his tale. They themselves have seen many wonderful things

hell. With this ultimatum in his mind, Cahill confronted his would-be son-in-law with a calm and assured countenance.

Ranson greeted him with respectful deference, and while Cahill seated himself, Ranson, chatting hospitably, placed cigars and glasses before him. He began upon the subject that touched him the most nearly.

"Miss Cahill was good enough to bring up my breakfast this morning," he said. "Has she told you of what I said to her?"

Cahill shook his head. "No, I haven't seen her. We've been taking account of stock all morning."

"Then—then you've heard nothing from her about me?" said Ranson.

The post trader raised his head in surprise. "No, Captain Carr spoke to me about your arrest, and then said you wanted to see me first about something private." The post trader fixed Ranson with his keen, unwavering eyes. "What might that be?" he asked.

"Well, it doesn't matter now," stammered Ranson; "I'll wait until Miss Cahill tells you."

"Any complaint about the food?" inquired the post trader.

Ranson laughed nervously. "No, it's not that," he said. He rose, and, to protect what Miss Cahill evidently wished to remain a secret, changed the subject. "You see you've lived in these parts so long, Mr. Cahill," he explained, "and you know so many people, I thought maybe you could put me on the track or give me some hint as to which of that Kiowa gang really did rob the paymaster." Ranson was pulling the cork from the whiskey bottle, and when he asked the question Cahill pushed his glass from him and shook his head. Ranson looked up interrogatively and smiled. "You mean you think I did it myself?" he asked.

"I didn't understand from Captain Carr," the post trader began in heavy tones, "that it's my opinion you're after. He said I might be wanted to testify who was present last night in my store."

"Certainly, that's all we want," Ranson answered genially. "I only thought you might give me a friendly pointer or two on the outside. And, of course, if it's your opinion I did the deed we certainly don't want your opinion. But that needn't prevent your taking a drink with me, need it? Don't be afraid. I'm not trying to corrupt you. And I'm not trying to poison a witness for the other fellows, either. Help yourself."

Cahill stretched out his left hand. His right remained hidden in the side pocket of his coat. "What's the matter with your right hand?" Ranson asked. "Are you holding a gun on me? Really, Mr. Cahill, you're not taking any chances, are you?" Ranson gazed about the room as though seeking an appreciative audience. "He's such an important witness," he cried delightedly, "that first he's afraid I'll poison him and he won't drink with me, and now he covers me with a gun."

Reluctantly, Cahill drew out his hand. "I was putting the bridle on my pony last night," he said. "He bit me."

Ranson exclaimed sympathetically. "Oh, that's too bad," he said. "Well, you know you want to be careful. A horse's teeth really are poisonous." He examined his own hands complacently. "Now, if I had a bandage like that on my right hand they would hang me sure, no matter whether it was a bite, or a burn, or a bullet."

Cahill raised the glass to his lips and sipped the whiskey critically. "Why?" he asked.

"Why? Why, didn't you know that the paymaster boasted last night to the surgeons that he hit this fellow in the hand? He says—"

Cahill snorted scornfully. "How'd he know that? What makes him think so?"

"Well, never mind, let him think so," Ranson answered fervently. "Don't discourage him. That's the only evidence I've got on my side. He says he fired to disarm the man, and that he saw him shift his gun to his left hand. It was the shot that the man fired when he held his gun in his left that broke the colonel's arm. Now everybody knows I can't hit a barn with my left. And as for having any wounds concealed about my person"—Ranson turned his hands like a conjurer to show the front and back—"they can search me. So, if the paymaster will only stick to that story—that he hit the man—it will help me a lot."

Ranson seated himself on the table and swung his leg. "And of course it would be a big help, too, if you could remember who was in your exchange when I was planning to rob the coach."

For some one certainly must have overheard me, some one must have copied my disguise and that some one is the man we must find. Unless he came from Kiowa."

Cahill shoved his glass from him across the table and, placing his hands on his knees, stared at his host coldly and defiantly. His would-be son-in-law observed the aggressiveness of his attitude, but, in his fuller knowledge of their prospective relations, smiled blandly.

"Mr. Ranson," began Cahill, "I've no feelings against you personally. I've a friendly feeling for all of you young gentlemen at my mess. But you're not playing fair with me. I can see what you want, and I can tell you that you and Captain Carr are not helping your case by asking me up here to drink and smoke

with you, when you know that I'm the most important witness they've got against you."

Ranson stared at his father-in-law-elect in genuine amazement, and then laughed lightly.

"Why, dear Mr. Cahill," he cried, "I wouldn't think of bribing you with such a bad brand of whiskey as this. And I didn't know you were such an important witness as all that. But, of course, I know whatever you say in this community goes, and if your testimony is against me I'm sorry for it, very sorry. I suppose you will testify that there was no one in the exchange who could have heard my plan?"

Cahill nodded.

"And, as it's not likely two men at exactly the same time should have thought of robbing the stage in exactly the same way, I must have robbed it myself."

Cahill nursed his bandaged hand with the other. "That's the court's business," he growled; "I mean to tell the truth."

"And the truth is?" asked Ranson.

"The truth is that last night there was no one in the exchange but you officers and me. If anybody'd come in on the store side you'd have seen him, wouldn't you? and if he'd come into the exchange I'd have seen him. But no one came in. I was there alone—and certainly I didn't hear your plan and I didn't rob the stage. When you fellows left I went down to the Indian village. Half the reservation can prove I was there all the evening—so of the four of us, that lets me out. Crosby and Curtis were in command of the pay escort—that's their alibi—and as far as I can see, lieutenant, that puts it up to you."

Ranson laughed and shook his head. "Yes, it certainly looks that way," he said. "Only I can't see why you need be so damned pleased about it." He grinned wickedly. "If you weren't such a respectable member of Fort Crockett society I might say you listened at the door, and rode after me in one of your own ponchos. As for the Indian village, that's no alibi. A Kiowa will swear his skin's as white as yours if you give him a drink."

"And is that why I get this one?" Cahill demanded. "Am I a Kiowa?"

Ranson laughed and shoved the bottle toward his father-in-law-elect.

"Oh, can't you take a joke?" he said. "Take another drink, then."

The voice outside the hut was too low to reach the irate Cahill, but Ranson heard it and leaped to his feet.

"Wait," he commanded. He ran to the door, and met Sergeant Clancey at the threshold.

"Miss Cahill, lieutenant," said the sergeant, "wants to see her father."

Cahill had followed Ranson to the door. "You want to see me, Mame?" he asked.

"Yes," Miss Cahill cried; "and Mr. Ranson too, if I may." She caught her father eagerly by the arm, but her eyes were turned joyfully upon Ranson. They were laughing with excitement. Her voice was trembling and eager.

"It is something I have discovered," she cried; "I found it out just now, and I think—oh, I hope—it is most important. I believe it will clear Mr. Ranson!" she cried happily. "At least, it will show that last night some one went out to rob the coach and went dressed as he was."

Cahill gave a short laugh. "What's his name?" he asked mockingly. "Have you seen him?"

"I didn't see him and I don't know his name, but—"

Cahill snorted, and picked up his sombrero from the table. "Then it's not so very important after all," he said. "Is that all that brought you here?"

"The main thing is that she is here," said Ranson; "for which the poor prisoner is grateful—grateful to her and to the man she hasn't seen, in the mask and poncho, whose name she doesn't know. Mr. Cahill, bad as it is, I insist on your finishing your whiskey. Miss Cahill, please sit down."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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# Concentration by Organization

by Mrs Cornelius  
Zabriskie.

President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs

AS REPRESENTING the varied interests of over two hundred clubs, I am naturally a believer in the Woman's Club as an established and recognized force and factor in American social, educational, philanthropic and political activities. It is bound to thrive so long as woman continues to realize the necessity and advantage of developing her powers for clear, unerring judgment, prompt and wise action.

The greatest and severest criticism that can be made of Americans—and not exclusively of the American woman—is of that over-zealous enthusiasm which, without stopping to consider the danger of such rashness and the inevitable reaction, turns a hero's head by their hot-blooded, reckless applause, only to make him, a few days later, the target for the arrows from their quiver of mortification at their own rashness and disappointment at finding their hero only human after all.

With such inherited characteristics, woman has a reserve fund of conservatism that serves her well and gives her that tenacity and perseverance which will not yield to small discouragements, but will press on toward the goal she aspires to reach.

If one woman of this type is a power in the home, where by individual effort she wields an influence of inestimable value, what will not be the increased ratio of that influence when she gathers about her other women all interested in some common cause? That same power of conservative perseverance and multiplied effort concentrated and organized becomes a positive practical force in town or community.

I have been quoted as saying "that there were too many clubs," and in consequence erroneously understood as being out of sympathy with the work done by and the aims of Women's Clubs. As President of the New York State Federation, such an interpretation of these words of mine would be disastrous and would place me before the public in a very unpleasant light. The statement which may have given this impression was to the effect that the claims of the club upon a woman's time and strength should not supersede those of the home; that wife and mother would better look

first to the affairs of her own household, leaving the demands of club life to take a secondary place. Also, by the reiteration of what I have so often said, that numbers do not always indicate proportionate power and force, and that oftentimes a small club with a specific aim and purpose, combined with the concentration of effort, will accomplish fifty per cent more than the largest club in the world that lacks this vital property.

The status of the Woman's Club has materially changed within a very few years, and the purely literary club for the culture and intellectual profit of woman has in some measure ceased to call forth the universal and enthusiastic support given it a few years ago. The study of the abstract has still its high place and function in clubdom, but one cannot fail to note that the practical and vital questions of the time are more and more engrossing to the thoughts and plans of club women.

With the wider horizon has also come the desire and the ability to help make the world a better, cleaner and more healthful place to live in. "The eyes of the blind have been opened," and woman has become able to see that, if the spring housecleaning is necessary to keep the home and family healthy and happy, so she must know a bit more about the ways of municipal housekeeping that the son may be trained in ways of civic as well as religious virtue.

This very need has led to the establishment of the clubs for study and information about the politics of the time and a better understanding of the use of our governing laws, which are, after all, only the official brooms intended to keep clean the nooks and crannies in our city, State or nation.

We are so young yet in the use of these official brooms that we may well be pardoned if we sometimes fail to "do the right thing at the right time." But if I may be allowed, without undue boasting, to point to the work done by women in the recent mayoralty campaign, and to the efficient housecleaning which these new brooms of ours did, I am sure those who cry out against clubs will be honest enough to confess that we proved ourselves intelligent students of political ques-

tions, when these questions touched the homes and the morality of the city.

The work accomplished last fall was the result of concentrated effort by women of different trends of thought and work. The suffragist and the anti-suffragist, the philanthropist and the literary student were to be found working side by side. To my mind, it was one of the best arguments in favor of concentrated organization which has ever been presented by women.

The question has been raised, Should not federations of clubs embody in a higher degree this principle of concentration by organization? Such a millennial condition is the goal toward which we strive, but the present basis of federation is more in the line of reciprocity, combining as it does such varied club interests. However, each club that does well its own special work, and shares that power with a kindred society, is forging the strong links that hold us together in federated union until some great epoch calls for united action.

"What is to be, will be," is an old adage; but while waiting for the "will be" there is practical work for clubs and federations to do now, that shall be to the greater power and honor of the organizations to which are pledged our loyalty and faith.



The Mica Face-Mask or "Facelière" is easily adjusted to any hat, and is here shown in position—the face very completely protected by it. The Cloak is long and loose, and made of Shantung pongee

## THE AUTOMOBILE GIRL

By Marie Gregoire

THE SOUL of the automobile girl is vexed within her. Sporting blood and vanity are wrestling for mastery and feminine ingenuity is striving hard to reconcile the contestants. Automobiling is to be king of sports during the coming summer, and every summer girl must recognize that fact in planning her summer wardrobe; but to devise a correct and becoming outfit for the sport is no easy matter.

Comfort demands certain concessions which are deplorable from an æsthetic viewpoint. A woman may run her automobile about town and through the park without having given weighty consideration to sartorial problems, but the moment she essays the open road and a rapid pace, whether she is starting on a tour or only spinning toward Ardsley or some other country club, she must bow to the practical and protect herself from the annoyances contingent upon rapid running over dusty roads.

Her eyes must be protected from insects, penetrating dust, rushing wind. Her hair must be covered. Dust must not be allowed to sift down her neck, to ruin her clothes. Automobiling is a joy to the woman who is sensibly and correctly dressed for it, but an abomination to the woman who has considered only her effect before the home mirror, not her appearance after a long, fast spin.

The most practical protection for the eyes is the automobile mask—a combination of goggles with a mask of silk or suede covering the forehead, nose and cheeks. Nothing will add so much to comfort as one of these masks, but they are hideously unbecoming, and women writhe under a knowledge of that fact.

Frenchwomen, who were the first to take up the sport enthusiastically, and who are always inspired in matters pertaining to costume, have evolved the *facelière*, and feel that it solves some of the vexed problems. It is a face mask of mica, easily adjusted to any hat. In its most effective form it takes the shape shown in the accompanying illustration, that of a modified visor, coming well down over cheeks and chin and shielding not only the eyes, but the complexion, from the ravages of sun and wind and dust. The Continental hat shown in the illustration was designed especially with reference to the mica mask and has several advantages to offer. It may be pinned on firmly, the mask may be slipped up over it when not in use, and a chiffon veil may easily be wound around the hat, crossed in the back, brought around to the front and tied coquettishly under the chin, protecting the hair and throat effectually from the dust, whose devastating possibilities no one who has not done country automobiling can even faintly imagine. The mica mask is of little use to the



The "Continental" Automobile Hat was designed with especial reference to the Mica Face-Mask, which folds up above it when not in use. The Coat is of soft red leather, with velvet collar and cuffs

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woman who is really managing an automobile. One cannot see through it with sufficient accuracy to make it practicable for an expert chauffeur. She must reconcile herself to goggles and a mask, but the fair passenger who cares more for scenic effect than for actual unimpeded enjoyment of scenery will do well to wear a *facelière*.

The Napoleonic hat, especially accompanying the *facelière*, is only one of many possibilities in automobile headgear. An alpine of cloth to match the automobile coat, or a fore and aft of material like the coat are considered the most correct and fetching of the many styles. They are not eminently becoming to the average woman, but they are what the outfitters describe as "knowing" and are distinctly suitable. No woman with a reputation for *chic* and fashionable attire will wear a broad-brimmed or flower-decked and elaborate hat on an automobile, though Central Park on a fair day shows a distressing number of automobile women in costumes more suitable for a stage performance than for actual service.

For very warm weather, long loose cloaks of pongee, crash, linen, taffeta or mohair are to be favorites with the automobile girl. One shown in the cut is of string-color pongee faced with soft blue silk embroidered in a raised design of grape clusters. More practical cloaks are trimmed merely with strapings and stitchings in self color, have high collars, fitting closely about the neck and full, loose sleeves gathered into a wristband which fits closely enough to bar dust from the under sleeve.

When something a trifle warmer than pongee or linen is needed, the tailors advise cravenette, rainproof tweed or serge. Many women well known in automobile affairs insist that such a cloak is the only thing suitable for automobile service, that it is cool enough for any weather—thanks to the rushing air that always fans the chauffeur when his machine is in motion—that it will not wilt under unexpected storms as the linen and silk fabrics will, and that it will shake off dust quite as well as any material will.

One of New York's swiftest tailors says that, if a woman can have only one all-around automobile coat it is undoubtedly the part of wisdom for her to choose a rainproof tweed in tan or gray, have it made with a loose back, netted, and a plaited front falling full enough over the knees to take the place of a lap robe. It should be made without any dust-catching outside pockets. The collar should fit closely around the throat, but be arranged so that it may be turned back in revers when the machine is not in motion. Collar and cuffs should be faced with leather, which is impervious to dust and may be easily cleaned. Such a cloak is a necessity to the automobile girl. If she can afford another, it should be of pongee or linen.

A short leather coat is a charming thing for a cool day, if the wearer has a good figure and a certain degree of style. One of the illustrations given shows a stunning little coat of soft red leather with collar, cuffs and facings of black.

One hears much of automobile shoes—low shoes with military heels, broad Continental toes and huge buckles; but, in point of fact, a high shoe is much more satisfactory if not so spectacular. The dust, which is the sworn foe of automobile vanity, sifts through silk stockings above low shoes in most appalling fashion.

As for gloves, wash kid is the thing. Loose, heavy gauntlets in wash kid of white, tan or gray, saddle-stitched in black, are prime favorites, but a corresponding glove, devoid of gauntlet and fastening with one huge pearl button, is attaining decided vogue.

### Concerning Fish

**W**HEN you have more fish on hand than will be eaten at one meal, boil it. Boiled fish may be nicely served in various forms, while cold fried or sautéed fish is almost impossible to reheat.

Never lay a raw fish in the refrigerator, either by the ice or on the shelves; it will taint milk or butter. When cut in steaks shut it tightly in a pail; if too large for that, wrap in waxed paper and tie securely in a box.

Do not allow fish to soak while washing. After it has been thoroughly cleaned, dip a bit of cheesecloth in cold salted water and wash very carefully the fish inside and outside. Dry with a towel afterward, if it is to be baked, broiled or planked.

Before preparing fish for frying in deep fat set it for an hour to recover from the chill received from lying on ice. If this rule is not followed it will be hard to cook and become thoroughly grease-soaked, because it reduces immediately the temperature of the fat.

All boiled fish and various baked or fried white-fleshed fish demand sauce. It may be a plain white or egg sauce, Hollandaise, shrimp, lobster, oyster or anchovy sauce.

The best portion of chicken halibut is the small piece near the tail. It is not the most expensive cut, and a few pounds of it boiled whole, served with an egg sauce, makes an excellent dish. The gray-skinned halibut is cheaper than the white and of a very fine flavor. The best way to cook it is to egg, crumb and fry in deep fat.

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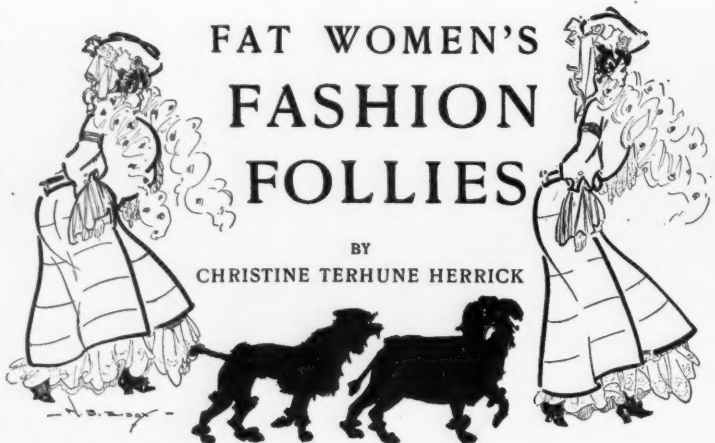
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## FAT WOMEN'S FASHION FOLLIES

BY

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

**A**RE THERE really more fat women in  
summer than at any other time of  
the year, or do they only look fatter?  
Can it be that heat possesses such obvious  
powers of expansion?

A great deal is constantly being said and  
written about the growing tendency of Ameri-  
can women to the development of a more gen-  
erous physique. We are told that angularity  
is on the wane, and the statement has been  
announced with a joy that seems a bit dis-  
proportionate in view of the fact that ninety-  
nine stout women out of every hundred  
cherish yearnings—secret or avowed—for  
sylph-like figures. Yet with all this in-  
crease of what our friend the Laird would  
have called "ongbongpwo," the women  
one meets on the street are usually a tolera-  
bly compact-looking lot. Nothing is seen  
during the winter months like the spectacles  
that daily meet one's pained eyes after the  
arrival of the heated term. Where have all  
these corpulent women kept themselves  
through the cold weather? There is but  
one plausible explanation. They have been  
hibernating in some remote and roomy recess  
until the return of the genial season wooed  
them from their retreat.

In their apparent endeavor to accentuate  
their most striking physical characteristic,  
nature has been ably seconded by fashion.  
That power decreed that this should be the  
day and the power of the white shirt-waist,  
and forthwith every woman of generous prop-  
ortions hid herself out and laid in a supply  
of white shirt-waists. The fact that a forty-  
four bust measure is about the largest waist  
on sale is in favor of these garments having  
been cut to order, but it is hard to believe  
that anything in the world but a ready-made  
shirt-waist could fit so badly as do those the  
stout women affect. The value of any white  
fabric in increasing the apparent size of the  
person who wears it is heightened by the  
touching confidence of the fat woman in the  
holding power of the outer garment and  
her consequent rejection of fitted underwaist  
or stays. This throws a strain of responsi-  
bility upon the shirt-waist which is not  
always justified by the event.

Still, the fat woman, like the leanest citi-  
zen of our great Republic, has a right to life,  
liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But  
why, oh, why can she not contribute, nega-  
tively at least, to the visual comfort of her fel-  
lows? Why does she not follow that great law  
of political economy which declares that the  
good of the individual should be subordinated  
to the good of the community and array her-  
self in such wise that if she does not cause  
pleasure she shall at least not produce pain?  
Why, when she selects colors for hot-  
weather wear, should she pick out reds and  
purples rather than cooler tints? and why, if  
she must wear a shirt-waist, should she not  
first confine her redundancy within a well-  
fitted underwaist? Even when any one is  
as hot as she looks, surely a single thick-  
ness of raiment more or less cannot make so  
very much difference.

It is the fat woman who should bring all  
the powers of her mind to bear upon the  
great problem of dress, and, by one of the  
bitter ironies of fate, it is the fat woman  
who gives the matter least study. All  
beauty and symmetry are usually outraged  
by the bare fact of her wearing a shirt-waist  
of any sort. To her it should be as a tempta-  
tion of the Evil One, to be fought against  
with prayer and labor. Lacking the strength  
to resist the lure, she should compromise with  
sin and choose black or fine dark stripes for  
her waists, and have them cut in a way that  
will indicate, if only remotely, what Nature  
once meant should be a waist-line. Long  
effects should be diligently sought after.  
The belt should match the waist, not the  
skirt, and should connect with the latter in  
a few selected spots, if possible.

The corsets of the fat woman should be  
braced down to her underpinning by sup-  
porters that may be depended upon. If she  
wears a collar, whether it be crush or stiff,  
it should fit, and striking combinations of  
neck rig, suitable to a slender young figure,  
should, like brilliant contrasts of color, be  
carefully avoided. Let the fat woman strive  
after the quality she does not possess, and,  
if she cannot be small, do all in her power  
to persuade the public that she looks small.

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of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

Mrs. R. J. Burdette, of California, First Vice-Presi-  
dent of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

**T**HE sixth biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Los  
Angeles, Cal., closed May 8, on which day the officers for the next two years were  
elected. Mrs. Denison of New York defeated Mrs. Decker of Denver by 667 votes to 258 for  
the Presidency. Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of California was chosen First Vice-President. The  
other officers elected are: Second Vice-President, Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Michigan; Recording  
Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Coad, South Dakota; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Louise Pappen-  
heim, South Carolina; Treasurer, Mrs. Van Vechten, Iowa; Auditor, Mrs. George H. Noyes,  
Wisconsin. Directors—Mrs. Anna D. West, Massachusetts; Mrs. J. E. Terrill, Texas; Mrs.  
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## WHITE LINENS for the Summer BREAKFAST ROOM



By LILIAN BARTON WILSON

THE PRETTIEST summer work, and that which is most pleasant to do, is "white embroidery." This term is not quite so wide in its application as it sounds, for it does not refer so much to color as to the style. By white work we usually mean embroidery on white linen wrought in linen or cotton threads. Frames, silks and other necessary tools for elaborate embroidery are not always convenient to manage on the piazza, but work which can be readily picked up and laid down is a great saving of many minutes which would otherwise be idly spent.

It is always worth while to buy a good linen for an embroidery ground, and, what is quite as important, a suitable linen. Only round-weave linens are fit to use for this purpose. Stitches do not lie well on rolled linens and their harsh quality injures the thread. Swiss crash is a particularly good ground; it has body and, at the same time, perfect pliability. It is the material used in the beautiful scarf of our illustration. The mesh of this fabric is sufficiently heavy to make very effective darning possible. This is shown in the unique fringe. The linen is fringed and threads in color added to it by darning above and evening off the inserted threads along the edge of the linen fringe.

The band of the work is an especially good straight-line design. Good designs in straight lines are rare, but in this case the designer has been in perfect sympathy with the embroiderer and has conformed the drawing to the work. Such accord between the design and the work upon it is what constitutes the art of embroidery; nothing less can be considered art, and this is why there is so much nondescript needlework.

This piece of work is Russian in style, though in point of technique it is not what we call "Russian cut work." It is also similar to Italian cut work, but the lace like background is suggestive of Oriental embroideries.

The design is wrought out in the binding stitch, which is familiar to those who do lace work, and is, in fact, a perfectly even over-and-over stitch which binds or wraps the edge. It is worked on the right side, on the outline, and as far as possible on the lines of the woof and warp. The net or "lacies" is then worked over the linen surface in white thread. When this is complete the linen is cut away from the back close to the bound edges, thus leaving the design only, in the ground material. This is, of course, the principle of Italian cut work.

A scarf of this sort would be beautiful as a table runner. These are fresh-looking and less conventional for summer use than centerpieces. The coolest possible setting for the summer breakfast-table is the scarf, without the all-over cloth, on the polished surface, and if embroidered in all white it is easily laundered.

Apologies of summer breakfast-tables one may say that too much care as to their fresh and dainty appointment cannot be given. It is not necessary that people should have wealth and leisure in order not to "live ugly," as William Morris expresses it. A little thought and care is all that is needed, not only to bring something of art into everyday life, but at the same time to lessen rather than increase work by the addition. For instance, a breakfast set of linens, a centerpiece and a dozen twelve-inch doilies not only make the breakfast-table more inviting but actually save work both in spreading and in laundering large cloths. The breakfast-table in a summer cottage so set, with a low bunch of wild flowers in the centre, is decidedly appetizing.

The cut work of our illustration is especially suitable for sideboard and side-table covers, and bits of such embroidery would ornament tray-cloths very daintily. Such linens as these are always useful to the housekeeper, and certainly they add a touch of daintiness which is much appreciated in warm weather.

## THE SLY MOTH

FEW WOMEN have escaped the disappointment and annoyance which follow in the wake of the sly and silent moth. Mice make their presence known, but no mortal ear hears the moth, as it steals about among priceless furs and expensive woollens. It eats the king's robe and the beggar's shawl with equal and impartial zest, and its haunt is as likely to be in a marble palace as in a three-pair back in the alley.

To successfully fight the moth we would be compelled to proclaim relentless war upon the host of people who, in open violation of city ordinances, beat their rugs and carpets in back yards. They are responsible for the immense increase of moths in our city homes. To strive against moths in our own closets we must call to our aid two beneficent agents, air and light. When we are about to put garments away for an entire season, it is absolutely essential that they be immaculate. No speck of dirt or blot of grease or smear of any sort should be left. The process of cleansing must be thorough. Then beat and shake and scrutinize every garment in every fold, crease and gather, until it is certain that no infinitesimal moth-egg is lurking anywhere. This being done, the next step is to paste each garment securely in folds of paper impervious to the moth's entrance, and to place the wrapped packages in a closet or box, which has been fumigated and generally administered upon, until no moth-life in embryo is lingering there.

That depredator which eats silks and woollens, carpets and shawls, and whatever else it can find, the buffalo moth, may be vanquished by the liberal use of turpentine. Poured around the baseboards of a room, the edges of a carpet or the floor of a closet saturated with it, the moth will die. As it is considered most difficult to exterminate this particular insect pest, it is well to make a note of this.

## BACKYARD BERRIES

THE FAMILY were all fond of strawberries. Besides, they all declared that berries picked off the vines were so much more luscious than those purchased at the grocery shop or from the hucksters. Therefore the mistress of the house set her wits to work to evolve a strawberry bed out of a backyard.

Some china had come from a distant city the winter before and the hoghead in which it had been packed had been relegated to the cellar preparatory to being chopped into kindlings. With the help of a brother and his small friend, the empty hoghead was brought up from the cellar and placed in a sunny corner of the yard.

Then she set the boys to work to bore inch holes all over the sides and top of the hoghead about three inches apart. After they had finished the hoghead looked very like a large colander.

Then she bought a load of rich earth and loam from a nearby gardener and had the hoghead filled and the top fastened on. From the same gardener she purchased two or three hundred strawberry plants, tiny little things, just a root and a leaf or two, and in every one of the holes she planted a strawberry vine.

After one or two spring rains the plants began to sprout, and it was not many weeks before the hoghead was covered with the delicate green vines and the starry white blossoms.

The weeks went by, and pretty soon the blossoms became green berries and then red ones, and the hoghead was one great upright strawberry bed. The berries were a little late, and the family had been well supplied with strawberries before the backyard ones ripened; but these were delicious when they did, repaid all the trouble and realized to the fullest extent the anticipated pleasure they had all looked forward to in being able to pick their own strawberries fresh every morning for breakfast.

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## The Army Reform Movement

By an Army Officer

THE PROPOSITION to establish a General Staff Corps in the army of the United States has created considerable of a tempest and developed the fact that there is a vast amount of ignorance and misinformation concerning this subject. The bill submitted by the Secretary of War to increase the efficiency of the army relates to a number of things which seem to demand reform, but the General Staff feature and the proposition to abolish the office of Commanding General of the Army and substitute therefor a Chief of Staff to the President and Secretary of War has developed most of the controversy. The Secretary of War presented his reasons and arguments to the Military Committee of the Senate. General Miles appeared in opposition to the measure. General Schofield, who is regarded throughout the country as the most experienced and able officer in matters of army administration now living, then appeared before the same committee and presented an array of incontrovertible facts in behalf of the passage of the measure or one similar to it.

### TOO MANY BUREAUS

One of the things which has always been apparent to that portion of the public which has business with the War Department and the army is that there are too many independent bureaus under our form of administration. Enormous expenditures are made under their direction, and the Secretary of War is held responsible by law. Recognizing how difficult a matter it is for a civilian Secretary to acquit himself properly on the multitude of administrative questions brought up hourly and daily by these bureaus, and the great disadvantage of centralizing the business of the army in a civilian head, the Secretary of War, after a thorough and exhaustive study of the entire question, submitted to the President a proposition for the establishment of a General Staff, the Chief of which should be adviser to the President and Secretary of War, and to whom duties of great importance would be confided by law as well as by the orders of the President. The President, who had had opportunities to observe much of the conduct of the war with Spain, heartily concurred in the proposed legislation, and the matter was laid before Congress.

The General Staff scheme as proposed varies radically from that used in other armies, since it is not to be a closed or permanent corps but one in which officers are to be detailed fresh from the army for four years and cannot be re-detailed without going back to duty with troops. This is deemed an essential feature in any modification of our system to avoid bureaucracy in this new corps, which is intended to stand between all the others and the fighting portion of the army.

### WHAT IS GENERAL MILES'S OFFICE?

The remark has often been heard in years gone by that many army officers wondered if the army was kept up for the staff or the staff for the army. This arose from the great power exercised by staff officers through their chiefs of bureaus in Washington. The position of Commanding General of the Army under our form of government is purely a fiction. The President is the constitutional Commander-in-Chief and there is no possibility of having another without friction. This has been clearly evinced through more than half a century of controversy. It is not a question of the individual, but one of system, and the army has always suffered from the want of harmony which has existed. It is an intolerable business proposition that a President and Secretary of War should be expected to accomplish good work in the preparation of the country's defenses when the Commanding General, the senior of all army officers, is entirely out of touch with his Commander-in-Chief. A system of administration which admits of such a condition should be speedily changed in order that the army may not deteriorate under the blight.

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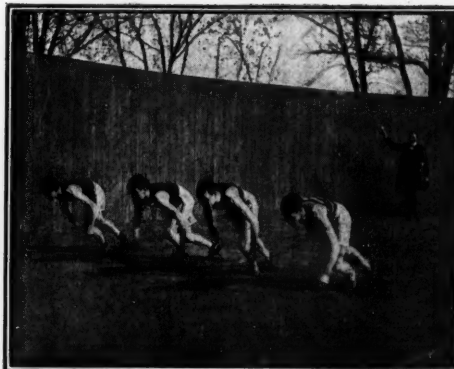
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Finish of the One-Mile Run—A Dead Heat between Teal and Redewill



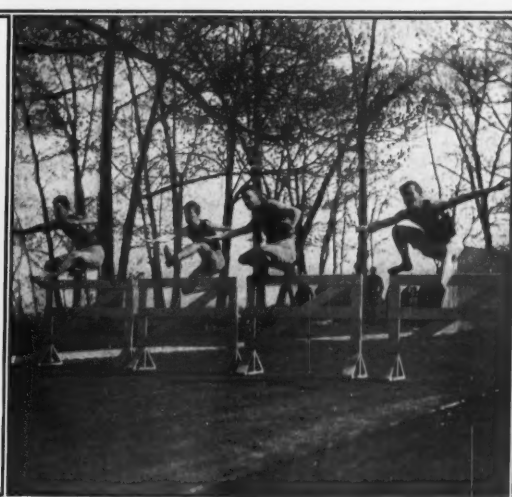
Franchot Leading on the Last Lap of the Two-Mile Run



Moulton, Yale



Moulton Winning 440-yard Run



120-yard Hurdle, won by Clapp, Yale



Abadie, California

## THE YALE-CALIFORNIA DUAL GAMES HELD AT NEW HAVEN, MAY 10

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY  
WALTER CAMPINTERCOLLEGIATE  
GOLFCharles Hitchcock, Jr.,  
Winner Intercollegiate  
Championship

The intercollegiate golf championship showed in many respects better average form than the last meeting. Some of the best men were kept away by conditions and other difficulties, especially Percy Pyne 2d and H. P. Hollins, Jr.; but the class was high, nevertheless. Of those men who are known in other than college circles, there were C. Hitchcock, Jr., the captain of the Yale team; F. O. Reinhardt of Princeton; Walter Egan, the runner-up to Travis last year and who is now in Harvard; P. H. Jennings, Archie Reid, A. M. Brown and C. T. Richardson.

The draw of the first day gave Harvard a bye, and made it necessary for Yale to play Princeton in the morning and Columbia in the afternoon, while Harvard met only Pennsylvania in the afternoon. In the Yale-Princeton team match, Princeton led going out, and, in fact, was considerably up at the turn of the homeward journey, but from there on the Yale men pulled gradually to the front, until they finally won out by a score of 8 to 0, the scoring system being one point for each game plus half the number of holes the winner is up. Hitchcock, Jr., Yale, beat Reinhardt, Princeton, 2 up, making an 82 for the course. Jennings, Yale, could do no better than the even up with Wilson, Princeton's captain, and had hard work to do that, for, at the twelfth hole, Wilson was 4 up and 6 to play. The Yale men, Reid, Campbell and Alsop, defeated Brokaw, Poole, Jr., and Smith, while Barnes, Yale, evened up with Garretson. In the match with Columbia Yale had a comparatively easy time of it, but some surprises. The scoring was not particularly good. Jackson of Columbia beat the Yale captain, Hitchcock, 1 up. Stevens of Columbia defeated Barnes 2 up. All the rest of the Yale-men, however, won their matches, the total score being 12 1-2 to 3 1-2.

To say that there were some exciting contests is putting it mildly. The contest, 36 holes, was in several cases desperately fought out to such good effect in the case of the Yale captain, Hitchcock, that, as already stated, he made a 75. Reid and Walter Egan were the first to come home, and the Harvard man had all the better of it, being 2 up at the morning round and 5 up at the finish of the afternoon, giving Harvard 3 1-2 points. Then came along H. Egan, who plays a very graceful game with an easy swing and getting off a good ball. He was against C. Barnes, the Yale man who has rather neglected golf for a time, but who came back to the fold this year. The match was all even at the 27th hole, but Barnes had his opponent 3 down at the finish, giving Yale 2 1-2 points. Then came along Murdock of Harvard and Campbell of Yale. Murdock is a stocky, powerful and rather phlegmatic player, but he gets off a long ball and looks to be able to last indefinitely. Campbell had the lead on him in the morning two holes, but Murdock came strongly in the afternoon,

Campbell looking rather overgolfed, and although Campbell was 4 up with 6 to go, Murdock finally pulled the match out of the fire by finishing 1 up.

This, however, was the last of Harvard's scoring, for the next match coming in, Hitchcock-Brown settled the matter effectively. In the morning these two players, each playing No. 1 on his team, had finally evened up, Brown going out his first round in 39 to Hitchcock's 40, and Hitchcock coming in in 42 to Brown's 43, thus each getting an 82. In the afternoon round the Yale captain had one of those marvellous streaks of playing which seem to inspire him at times, and Brown, although going out in 40, found himself, at the end of the first nine holes in the afternoon, even with that good going, not less than 5 down. Hitchcock accomplished a 35. The Yale captain went on with no mercy on his Harvard opponent, and added three more holes coming in, cleaning up a 75 to Brown's 83, and giving Yale for his 8 holes 5 points.

After that it was all over but the shouting, Alsop beating Lindsley 4 up and Jennings defeating Richardson 3 up, thus giving Yale a total score of 18 holes to 6, or, scoring by points, 13 to 5, and the intercollegiate championship.

The next day the individual championship began, and here again there were some surprises. In the qualifying round Wilson of Princeton went out in 40, coming in in 39, thus winning the medal for the low score. Butts and Hitchcock of Yale and Poole, Jr., of Princeton all got 83's. Jackson of Columbia, Campbell of Yale, Proal of Harvard, Reinhardt of Princeton and H. Egan, all got 85's. Brown of Harvard, McFarland of Pennsylvania, Lindsley and Slosson of Columbia, Murdock of Harvard and Hill of Pennsylvania all qualified, and five men, including Walter Egan of Harvard, stood at 90 for the sixteenth place. In playing off this tie for the place, Walter Egan secured the first hole in a good 3, a splendid second on to the green after a rather sliced drive and a five-foot put.

The men began to show the effect of the hard week, and the playing in the afternoon was not of the highest order. Of the interesting matches, however, one was the Egan-Butts. The Yale substitute started off well, and hung to his more famous opponent until the homeward journey, when Egan finally got to the front and won by 2 up.

Another was between Reinhardt of Princeton and Murdock of Harvard. These two men were doing by far the best driving that was being done on the round. Reinhardt has a particularly free method, not only in driving, but in playing all his shots. He hardly takes aim at all, but he brings out some surprisingly good strokes. Murdock, as already noted, is a powerful man and a hard worker, and apparently one whose game can be generally relied upon. He held his more supple opponent in the early part of the contest, but went off toward the end. Neither Hitchcock nor Jackson in their match was doing any remarkable work, Hitchcock being 2 down at nearly the end of the outward round. He finally pulled out the match by 3 up and 2 to play. Wilson, who is unquestionably one of the strongest men, put Lindsley, the former intercollegiate champion, out with the best score of the day, 6 up and 5 to play.

McFarland—who, by the way, is an extremely promising man—beat Campbell 3 up and 2 to play. H. Egan of Harvard found Brown, who uses only a half-swing on his drive, nevertheless a hard man to beat out, but as Brown was decidedly out of order in his putting, Egan defeated him 4 up

and 2 to play. Slosson of Columbia beat the conqueror of Walter Egan, Hill of Pennsylvania, by 2 up and 1 to play, and Poole stopped the aspirations of Proal, the young Harvard player, by 4 up and 3 to go.

The next round narrowed the struggle down to Hitchcock of Yale and McFarland of Pennsylvania. Those who have followed the Yale captain through his last two years of golf retired on Friday night wondering whether he would come out on Saturday morning with his golf with him or merely to wander around the course, as he sometimes does. But Hitchcock this time had made up his mind not to be runner-up only for a third year, and even though his driving was not all that his friends could wish or that he himself would admire, the rest of his game was in good order and his recoveries from trouble were at times marvellous. On the first he pulled into the edge of the bunker, and while McFarland was just over the green in 2, the Yale man won the hole in 5, the Pennsylvanian over-pitching and then taking three puts. Hitchcock promptly availed himself of the honor of sending his ball off the second tee down into the yawning abyss, McFarland getting the hole in a good 3. They halved the next, and then Hitchcock commenced to draw ahead, taking 5 holes straight. The outward round ended in a half for the ninth, Hitchcock 5 up, going out in 40 to McFarland's 48. Hitchcock then came in in 39 to his opponent's 45 and added 5 more holes. This practically settled the match, and, 11 holes from home, McFarland was obliged to yield, with the Yale captain 12 up. It was a weak ending to what had been at times a sensational tournament.

YALE-CALI-  
FORNIA  
TRACK  
MEET

Yale won the dual meet with California after starting out in a way to give her adherents considerable qualms. Abadie, California's clever sprinter, ran away from Hargrave, and, although nearly pulled down at the tape by Moulton, took the first event. Then Redewill of California followed by cutting down Jacobus and Teal of Yale in the mile, and the latter, by a sensational dive at the finish, could do no more than luckily pull out a dead heat, while at the same time California had two men tied with one Yale man in the high jump; so that at this point California stood 2 1-6 to Yale 1-3.

After that, however, Yale gradually pulled away, her best exertion being that of Fulton, who, after Hussey of California had covered 22 feet 1 1-2 inches in the broad jump, managed to cover 22 feet 3 inches. Clapp ran his hurdles well, as did Denning and Franchot the half and two-mile. Hargrave had to come strong to beat out Abadie in the 220. The final score was Yale 8 5-6, California 4 1-6, only firsts counted. Teal gracefully declined to toss for the medal in the mile, insisting upon Redewill's taking it.

DUAL  
MEETS

On May 10 Princeton defeated Amherst in the first dual meet which has ever been held between these two universities. The meeting took place at Princeton, and was close and interesting; Princeton finally winning by 10 points, 9 of which were made in the half-mile run.

New York University held a dual meet with Lehigh, also, on the 10th, winning by 61 1-2 points to 46 1-2. No remarkable records were made, although Anderson of the New York University covered 21 feet 6 inches in the broad jump, and Klar of Lehigh, considering the wind, did well in taking both the half and the mile, the former in 2.11 2-5.

WALTER CAMP.

# A FAMILIAR STUDY of PAUL LEICESTER FORD

A Representative American Novelist  
Author of "Janice Meredith."

By HARRY THURSTON PECK

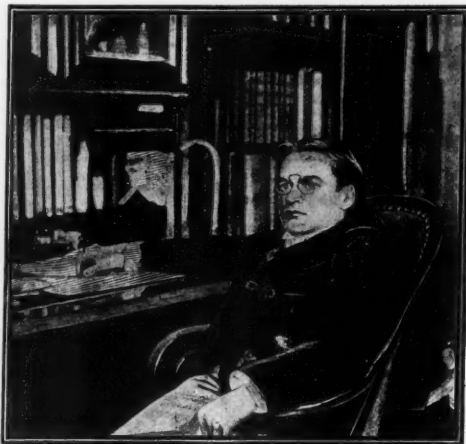
PAUL LEICESTER FORD first became known to the reading public through his novel of American political life, "The Honorable Peter Sterling." This book, which appeared in 1894, was slow in making its way into general notice. A year or two elapsed before it had found many to read it or—what is more important from the publishers' point of view—to talk about it. Presently, however, its sale increased month after month; edition after edition followed; and up to the present time I should estimate that considerably more than one hundred thousand copies must have found purchasers and readers.

"Peter Sterling" is one of the few American novels that have dealt with our latter-day politics in a way that shows anything like a first-hand knowledge of their intricacies and also of their human side. The late Professor Boyesen, for example, in one of his books attempted to give a picture of the primary, the caucus and the rough-and-ready methods of the practical political "worker"; but even a casual outsider in reading his pages could feel that the author had evolved the whole thing from his inner consciousness after a course of reading in the editorial pages of the New York "Evening Post"; while the initiated simply mocked at the book as illustrating the dense ignorance of professors and literary persons in general on any practical subject whatsoever. The trouble with almost all attempted delineations of our political life on the inside has been that which is expressed by the old Italian proverb, to the effect that those who really know cannot write, while those who are capable of writing do not know.

Mr. Ford's book, however, was read by men who are well acquainted with the minutest details of the political world, and they read it with interest and appreciation. It struck them as true to life; and to have written a story like this was a genuine *tour de force*. Mr. Ford had not personally experienced and observed the things that enter into "Peter Sterling," but he knew the men who had; and he possessed the constructive imagination and artistic sympathy which enabled him to feel the truth and to fix it on the pages of his novel.

His other and much more popular book, written five years later, is not to be compared with "Peter Sterling." The instantaneous success of "Janice Meredith," indeed, was a curious phenomenon. After the first edition had been issued, the printing presses could not be worked rapidly enough to supply the demand for this book, of which two hundred thousand copies were sold within a year. Yet there was an odd difference between "Janice Meredith" and "Peter Sterling." Com-

paratively few persons read "Peter Sterling," yet those who did all talked about it and commented on it and discussed it; whereas every one read "Janice Meredith," yet seldom spoke of it, though it is common for women to speculate about the proper pronunciation of the heroine's Christian name, and wonder whether the attractive woman's head which ornamented the cover was an imaginative study or a portrait of some one in whom Mr. Ford was interested. I



The Late Paul Leicester Ford

fancy, myself, that the great sales of "Janice Meredith" were in reality the result of a belated appreciation of "Peter Sterling" on the public's part—the effect of the discussions and arguments already noted.

It was a striking tribute to Mr. Ford's versatility that he should have written two works of fiction that greatly pleased the public. His whole training and the interests of his life had been those of a scholar and a scientific investigator rather than of a literary man. The list of bibliographies, public docu-

ments, special editions of rare works, and other like material which he compiled between 1885 and 1894 will prove to any one how much hard labor, how much actual drudgery Mr. Ford went through in order to secure results which should commend these publications to historical investigators. The average man would have become narrowed by such pursuits and dulled by them. But Ford was not the average man. In fact, had he been so, he never would have been heard of by any section of the public. He would have been neither a bibliographer, nor a historian, nor a novelist; but would have remained an idler, or at the most a dilettante. For in his case there was everything to deter him from a resolve to "shun delights and live laborious days." Inheriting wealth from his father, he had no need of making money by his pen. Being afflicted from infancy by an accident which checked his physical growth and left him with the body of a child and a delicate constitution, he might excusably have chosen a life of retirement. What he actually did was to come out into the world and take his place in it precisely as though he were compelled to win his daily bread and as though he had no trace of bodily infirmity. Refusing to be morbid and scornful to be idle, he played his part in a very manly way. He went everywhere and did everything that others did, and he more than held his own by his unusual force of intellect and strength of character.

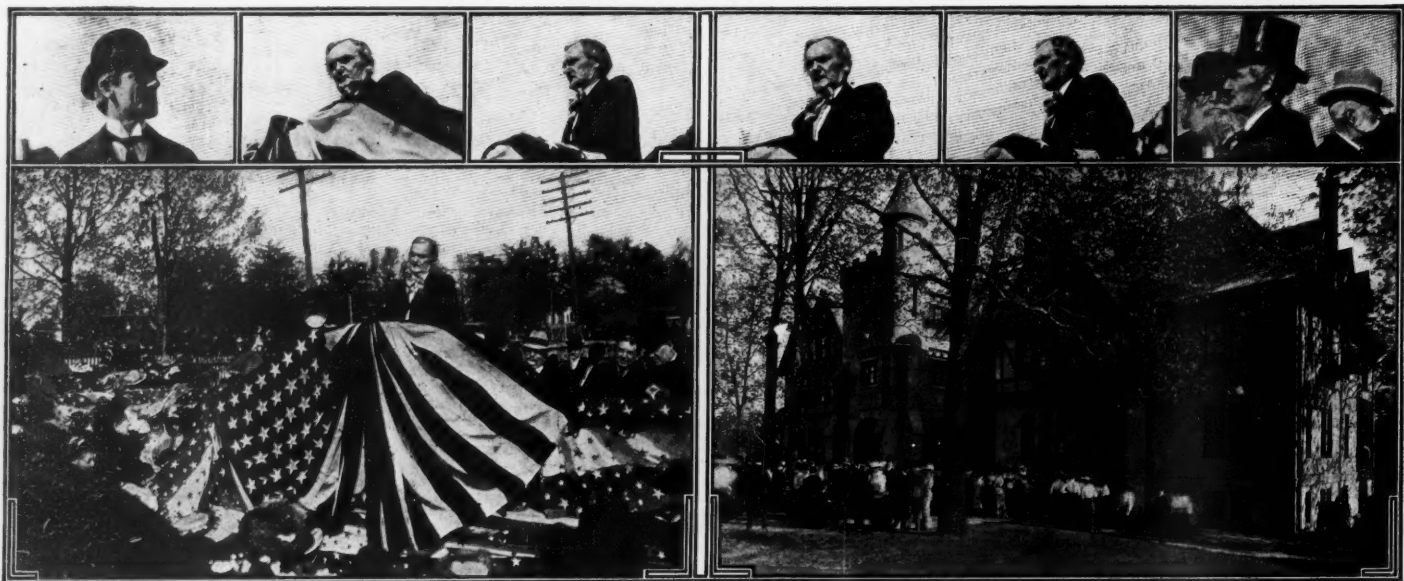
Paul Leicester Ford was, in fact, a quite exceptional man. His mind was immensely keen, his conversation animated and often brilliant, his knowledge accurate and varied, his reasoning logical. He was not precisely genial in his manner, yet he was an entertaining companion, and women liked his company as well as men. He wrote, indeed, for women a good deal, and his "Tattle Tales of Cupid" and "The Story of an Untold Love" are essentially women's books. They do not seem to me to show much insight into feminine character or motives, and they are rather superficial even in their cleverness. His heroines are all very usual types; and in drawing them he never sees the subtler shadings which even the usual types exhibit to one who really understands them. But these two books are much to be commended as safe reading for young girls, and they are always far above the level of the inane. Taken together with his two successful novels, his bibliographical compilations, and his historical works on Washington and Franklin respectively, we have the collected evidence which shows Paul Leicester Ford to have been at once a man of indefatigable industry, of widely varied interests and of unusually successful intellectual achievement.

## OPENING OF THE ACTORS' HOME ON STATEN ISLAND

Francis Wilson

Aspects of "Joe" Jefferson while Delivering his Address at the Actors' Home

Dr. Holcombe and Jefferson



Joseph Jefferson Delivering the Opening Address

Exterior View of the Building on Dedication Day

THE SPIRIT in which the Actors' Home was built is best set forth in the "declaration" adopted by the Actors' Fund, which has charge of the institution: "We declare that it is our bounden duty, and that it will be the bounden duty of the trustees of the Actors' Fund, forever to endeavor to make this institution a home in the full sense of the word, so that those whose declining years are to be spent within its walls may be made to feel that they are the welcome guests and charges of their former companions and friends, as well as of the great public whom they have served."

Every Staten Islander knows the Penn Smith estate. This was the admirable selection made for the location of the Actors' Home. It is on the hills of West Brighton, comprises about fourteen acres, is healthful and picturesque, and, what has perhaps the greatest charm to the old actor,

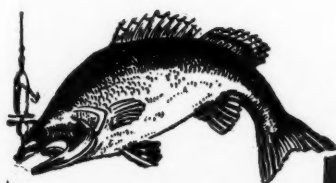
is within the limits of Greater New York. On it is a little lake long known as Martling's Pond, and there is a fine growth of trees over the property. It was one of the conditions made by those interested in the fund raised to build the home that it should be within the city limits.

The initial force behind the raising of the fund was Mr. Al. Hayman. Not more than about two years ago he made an offer to the Actors' Fund of America to head a subscription list to build an actors' home with a subscription of at least fifty thousand dollars, with the only reservation that at least fifty thousand dollars additional should be raised. This offer was made on May 20, 1890, and by June 8 no less than seventy-one thousand dollars had been received, with more coming daily.

Appropriately enough, the principal figures at the opening ceremony of the Actors' Home were Mr. Joseph Jeffer-

son, the Rev. George C. Houghton and Mr. Al. Hayman. The selection of the Rev. Mr. Houghton to make the dedicatory prayer was especially appropriate, because he is the rector of the Church of the Transfiguration—"The Little Church Around the Corner"—to which George Holland's widow was sent many years ago by another clergyman, who refused to perform the burial service over her husband.

This new Actors' Home differs from others already in existence in being far more liberal in its scope. Men applying for admission must be more than sixty-five years of age and women more than fifty-five, and, of course, unable to work. These qualifications, with the indorsements of two actors and two managers, is all that in a general way is required. Moreover, any member of the theatrical profession is eligible to admission, and the term "theatrical profession" is made as broad as possible in its application, extending even to circuses.



## SHAKESPEARE Reels and Baits On Trial Free

Every experienced angler thinks he knows a good reel "when he sees it," but he surely knows it when he has actually fished with it.

The Shakespeare Reel is a handsome, hand-made, quadruple, bait-casting reel (level winding or not, as you wish). It is especially designed for accurate and long distance bait-casting and it is the best bait-casting reel in the world. The metal used is hard-drawn brass and the finest English stubbs steel—the best obtainable. Palms-taking care is used to secure perfect accuracy in every detail. In beauty of design and simplicity of construction it is unequalled. Its easy, silent running suggests perpetual motion, and it is fitted with the most perfect click and drag ever made. Words will not describe its beauty, its usefulness nor its many advantages over all other reels. My reels and baits are for sale by all first-class dealers but I want you to see them and try them for yourself and I will send them to you direct, express prepaid, for a free trial on your next fishing trip. Send your name and address to-day to Wm. Shakespeare, Jr., 190 Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

\$500 in Cash and Diamond Prizes for record Bait-casting—entry free—also \$100 in Prizes for biggest Bass caught. Write for full information free.

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## TWO TRAMPS

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," Etc.

IF THIS were not a true tale it would not be worth the telling.

A freight train was wrecked by a rock-slide on one of the railways running between Chicago and St. Paul. The superintendent had come up from Lacrosse in a hurry with a wrecking train, a doctor and some stretchers.

On the side of a cut a little way from the engine a man sat with the pallor of death upon his unwashed face. As the surgeon and the superintendent approached he waved them back. "Don't mind me, Doc," he said; "I'm done for. I had no business here anyway," he added, after a pause. "But there's one of your men—poor beggar," he said, pointing toward the wreck. "He's got a locomotive on his lap and he ain't making a murmur. Get him out—he's one of your men."

Going down to the wreck they found the fireman with one leg under the engine. They cut the leg off, but the poor fellow failed to rally and died on the way to the hospital.

Having rescued the fireman, the doctor turned to look after the tramp; but he, too, had crossed the dark river. His life had been wasted, but at the door of death he had been almost heroic.

A little way down the line they found another man seated by the roadside, his clothing disarranged and his face stained with blood.

"Have you had trouble?" asked the railroad man.

"I've had a dream," said the man, and he pointed to the wreck where almost every conceivable sort of freight was heaped up in picturesque confusion. "Do you see that pyramid?" asked the man on the bank, and the other two nodded. "You see the few cars of coal at the bottom, and then the ordinary merchandise, and above that there is a car of household goods, then comes the merry-go-round—and there's a man and a monkey and a hand-organ in there somewhere—and, at the top of the heap, a harvester."

"And is that your dream?" asked the railroad man.

"Oh, no—I was just going to tell you: I was sleeping peacefully in that harvester when this thing happened. I dreamed that some careless person had started the machine up, forgetting that I was in it. I was dreadfully frightened, but when the wheels stopped I was perched, practically unhurt, on the pinnacle of that pyramid, looking down on the tops of the telegraph poles."

"Have you had breakfast?" the superintendent asked.

"No," said the man; "just a dream's all I've had."

As the two men moved on toward a farmhouse, the dreamer, taking a nod of the head as it was meant to be taken, followed. After breakfast the railroad man asked the tramp if he was looking for work.

"Do I look it?" asked the tramp, shooting a quick side glance at his questioner.

"We want men. Suppose you be a man and go to work right now."

The tramp put up a hand as a stop signal.

"I thank you for the compliment, and I'd like to oblige you, but it is a matter of principle with me. I simply won't work; so if you're a workingman I'll have to say good-by to you. Good-by and good luck."

## FOOD

### GAS FACTORIES

In People Who Do Not Know How to Select Food and Drink Properly.

On the coffee question a lady says, "I used to be so miserable after breakfast that I did not know how to get through the day. Life was a burden to me. When I tried to sleep I was miserable by having horrible dreams followed by hours of wakefulness. Gas would rise on my stomach and I would belch almost continually. Then every few weeks I would have a long siege of sick headaches. I tried a list of medicines and physicians with out benefit."

Finally I concluded to give up my coffee and tea altogether and use Postum Coffee. The first cup was a failure. It was wishy-washy and I offered to give the remainder of the package to anyone who would take it.

I noticed later on in one of the advertisements that Postum should be boiled at least 15 minutes to make it good. I asked the cook how she made it and she said, "Just the same as I did tea, being careful not to let it steep too long."

I read the directions and concluded Postum had not had a fair trial, so we made a new lot and boiled it 15 or 20 minutes. That time it came to the table a different beverage and was so delicious that we have been using it ever since.

My sick headaches left entirely as did my sleepless nights, and I am now a different woman." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**You Pay And Take**

It's either a  
**Hartford Single Tube**

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The uniform quality and excellence of construction of  
**HARTFORD DUNLOP and HARTFORD TIRES**  
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We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel, and will send you free expert advice regarding the tires best adapted to your especial needs

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Risk a postal. Send us your name for prospectus of the Rayo Mining and Developing Co. of California. Every dollar invested in these shares will return you regular, handsome, dividends.

**MILLIONS** of ore values ready to mine; Electric Water-Power Plant in connection. Not the ordinary mining proposition. Shares now selling at ground-floor price. Bank References.

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is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and sold at a reasonable price?

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his capacity for work. You can increase your capacity! Make the work you are doing easier by wearing an

## O-P-C suspensory

It stops a needless waste of strength. No man can wear one a week without noticing the difference in his endurance and his capacity for work or pleasure. Ask any right-minded man—strong, vigorous, healthy, successful business man—who wears an O-P-C what he thinks of it and its value to him. His answer will be a revelation to you.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get O-P-C from your druggist, we will supply you postpaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 2 O-P-C silk sack, elastic bands, \$1.00  
No. 3 O-P-C silk sack, elastic bands, \$1.50

**"The Struggle for Supremacy"**  
A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C Suspensory. IT'S FREE—write for it.

**BAUER & BLACK, 265-275th St., Chicago, U.S.A.**  
Manufacturers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamote Vests, Rex Porous Plasters, Blue-Jay Corn and Bunton Plasters.

## Pure Rye Whiskey

# 4 Full Quarts for \$3.20

Direct from Distiller to Consumer. Express Charges Prepaid.

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure Whiskey, our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20.

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**HAYNER'S**  
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WHISKY  
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Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 33 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure Whiskey at the lowest possible cost. Such Whiskey as we offer for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

References—State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton, or any of the Express Companies.

Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 30 quarts by freight, prepaid.

**Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL**

# Meat Question Solved

**MEAT IN RAIN MARKETS**  
**CONTEST S ALL RALLY FROM**  
**ED. PRICES AT THE CLOSE.**  
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**RECEIPTS AND SHIPMENTS.**

	Receipts	Shipments
Cattle	10,000	11,000
Hogs	10,000	11,000
Sheep	10,000	11,000
Calves	10,000	11,000
Lambs	10,000	11,000
Goats	10,000	11,000
Poultry	10,000	11,000
Swine	10,000	11,000
Other	10,000	11,000

**Chicago Live Stock Market.**  
 SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE...  
 CHICAGO, May 7. Receipts to-day...  
 10,000 cattle, 10,000 hogs, 11,000 sheep. Re-  
 ceipts for the half of this week decreased...  
 100,000 cattle, 100,000 hogs, and increased...  
 100,000 sheep, as compared with a week ago...  
 and decreased 10,000 cattle, 4200 hogs and...

There is one food that gives the strength of Beef, at one-fifth the cost, and its flavor and reputation for healthfulness are world renowned. It costs 15c. a package. The food in mind is

## Ralston Breakfast Food



## EAT CEREALS, KILL BEEF TRUST, DOCTORS ADVISE

Physicians Predict Abattoirs Will Soon Be Replaced by Factories for Food Products.

## WHEAT EATING NATIONS LEAD THE WORLD

Meat Harmful to Many and Other Foods Are Less Costly and More Nourishing.

That there is a way to beat the Beef Trust and that the time is almost at hand when little or no meat will be eaten by either rich or poor is the firm belief of many persons to-day, among them prominent physicians and men of science.

It has only needed the soaring of the prices of steaks and roasts to dizzy heights to arouse thinking people to a realization that after all meat is not essential to human existence, scientists and physicians declare, and to a belief that there is just as much nutriment and less digestive work in other forms of food, such as cereals, fruit, &c.

**Give Up Beef, Say Doctors.**  
 Dr. Edson was seen at his home, No. 56 West Fiftyth street, and asked if he thought it possible for the human race to give up meat, altogether and obtain the same sustenance from other foods.

"It can be done perfectly," he declared. "I think all scientists will agree that some day we will all be vegetarians. Instead of abattoirs we shall have manufactories for food products containing the proteids, the carbo-hydrates and the fats in sufficient proportions to support human life."

"When eating nations lead the world," said Dr. Latham, of No. 203 West 10th street. "Look at the history and of England, Germany and look at the evolution of this nation has given America Indian a great variety of ways in which makes it a palatable food."

has been connected with the Northern Dispensary and the hospital. For many years he practiced in old Green-wood cemetery to-day with about the same results. "I think that their less meat. Medical fra-ment is not as it be- food. Itating

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# Ralston

## The Great Summer Food